Week ending September 8 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

TIME AND JOE WORKMAN

See centre pages

A dab

plus a brush

equal lashings of lovely lather

Shavallo not only turns a penance into a pleasure, but it's so remarkably economical. Just a dab on the face (never dip the brush into the jar) whips up immediately into a full, rich, bristle-softening lather. You'll be surprised, too, how soothed and refreshed Shavallo leaves the skin afterwards.

IN POTS 1/3 AND 2/3

JB

S/1[illegible]A-414 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.1.

We're all growing up on

CADBURYS

BOURNVILLE COCOA

JB

● Extra nourishment, extra energy, for steady, sturdy growth

Seen the new MINX?

THE NEW
HILLMAN MINX
Still, as ever, the World's Most Successful Light Car
Full particulars from your Dealer.
HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO. LTD. · COVENTRY
A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP

The Food for a BRAVE NEW BRITAIN

● The future is largely the concern of youth, and the generous nourishment of WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT—so beneficial to all the family—will help to build a sturdy generation, fit to shoulder the responsibilities which lie ahead. Obtainable in permitted areas at 8d. the large packet.

WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT

Made by The Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd., WELwyn GARden City, Herts.

'CAMP'

Still at pre-war Strength

A BISCUIT KEEPS YOU GOING...

As a compact energy food Biscuits have made a big contribution to the war effort.

Issued by the Cake & Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.

CVB-117

NO 'Golden Shred' J.R. instead

Why? Because war conditions restrict supplies of bitter oranges, which prevents the manufacture of "GOLDEN SHRED." Fruit is controlled, but *quality* cannot be standardised. Robertson's pre-war reputation and skill, coupled with our 80 years' old tradition, still count for a lot.

It's Robertson's—you can depend on it!

JAMES ROBERTSON & SONS (P.M.) LIMITED
Golden Shred Works
London Paisley Manchester Bristol

'Good Mornings' begin with Gillette

Yes, you feel like the man on the flying trapeze after shaving with blades so good-tempered as these! Blue Gillette 3d each, 'Standard' Gillette (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax.

CHRISTOPHER STONE says

'How Right we were — to choose BUSH RADIO'

BUSH RADIO LTD, POWER RD., CHISWICK, W.4 *roy/s* 453D

VIRONITA NERVES

WHY VIRONITA DOES YOU GOOD

because it contains in palatable form:

1 IRON to enrich the blood

2 MALT & PHOSPHATES and other valuable ingredients to promote health generally.

3 HERBAL EXTRACTS to stimulate the appetite and aid digestion

VIRONITA
VYRO-NIGHT-A

THE ORIGINAL — REFUSE IMITATIONS

M. CALTHORPE & Co., Ltd.,
Mfg. Chemists, OSSETT,

SOMETHING BORROWED

"It's a lovely veil Sally, I'd love to borrow it — but supposing it gets messed up?"
"*I could wash it.*"
"What would you wash it in? It might be spoiled."
"*In Sylvan Flakes lather, darling—it's safe as houses.*"
"Sylvan! How ever do you manage to get it?"
"*I ask for it by name, of course. It's sold loos these days.*"
"How do you know you get Sylvan, if it's loose?"
"*Because it's extra white, my child.*"
"Hm! Thanks. I'll take that tip as well."

SYLVAN FLAKES

NOW SOLD LOOSE. YOU CAN TELL THEM BY THEIR EXTRA WHITENESS

Contributions...

No. 6
CYCLE TYRES FOR WAR WORKERS
Tens of thousands of cycle tyres per week were made for war workers and the services.

by DUNLOP

September 8 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 78 Number 2047 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

SHARE OUT THE COAL

EMANUEL SHINWELL'S grim disclosures warn us to prepare for an unprecedented shortage of coal this winter.

Already the situation is grave. The railways have enough coal only for a week and a half. The gas industry's stocks will last for no more than three weeks.

Strict all-round rationing, the curfew for street lamps (which few boroughs have so far enforced), are among the prudent economies.

But something more is needed than the negative economy of reducing consumption.

There must be constructive measures to ensure that whatever coal we have shall be fairly and efficiently distributed.

Last winter, distribution methods did less than justice to the poor man. Because he had neither the money nor the storage facilities, he could not lay in advance stocks. Big hotels and big houses reaped the benefit.

This winter, with even less coal to go round, there will be more empty grates in small homes and longer queues at the coal dumps unless a much improved organisation is created to carry the supplies to the people when they most want them.

THE RETAIL MERCHANTS should be assured of the labour they will need. In return, they will have to see that the person who can afford to take only a hundredweight at a time will not be neglected.

Indeed, the whole question of distribution will have to be reviewed. It may well be found that the difference of 36s. a ton between the price of coal at the pithead and at the merchant's yard allows too handsome a profit for the middlemen.

Reorganisation of the mines, necessary though it is, is a long-term remedy. It cannot add many lumps to our fire this coming winter.

Mr. Shinwell promises "fair shares all round." But to be effective his arrangements must be put into operation at once.

The Editor

Demobbing—the Real Facts

Penalising the Class B Men. Hit-Them-Hard Bracken. Herbert Morrison's Cigar. Young Woman in Great Demand. Non-Public Pubs. Is Jazz Dying? Drake's Loss

DEMOBILISATION! The number one topic in two out of three British homes. The sole topic wherever our soldiers, sailors and airmen find themselves, from Tokyo Bay to the Y.M.C.A. canteens on London railway stations. And rightly so.

Britain was and is a nation that puts on uniform with regret, and throws it in the ragbag with rejoicing. Germany is in the dust; Japan disintegrates to ashes. "When do we get home?" ask the men of our land.

We repeat their question for them. When? The answer is: "As speedily as possible." The Government should and will understand that the word "possible" means jet-plane technique, not the horse-drawn transport ideas that still linger drearily in some high military places. Now to the facts.

What Isaacs Said

On August 23 the Minister of Labour told Parliament that the Army would be releasing men in Group 23 by the end of the year. But (this point is important) that Release Group figure was on the plans already completed.

The sudden collapse of Japan introduced a new factor. Transport figures, supplies in transit, occupation armies—all these statistics, changing in any case almost from day to day, were completely out of date overnight. They had to be revised. They are still being revised.

The present Government took over on July 27, when neither it, nor anybody else, could be certain that the atomic bomb was going to blast Japan into surrender.

What Isaacs is Doing

The result—there will, we say with certainty, be better news to come. One thing is quite definite. No vested interests of rank and military position are going to be allowed to stand between our men and their return to "civvy street."

But the Minister of Labour rightly wants to make certain that the machinery is ready for the word "Go." We agree with him. The Minister who offers hopes without having satisfied himself that the way is clear to realise them should get off (or be put off) the Front Bench at once.

They Want to Stay

Thousands of our men are refusing early release. And they are the men most urgently needed in "civvies"—building workers, miners and teachers.

They prefer to await normal demobilisation under Class A, in which they get eight weeks on full pay and are then free to take which job they like. Quick release under Class B means only three weeks' pay and the obligation to take up work to which they are directed.

Unfair

These differences are already causing much dissatisfaction. Officers and men, released for key posts only a short time before their normal demobilisation date find themselves victimised by loss of several weeks' pay and other privileges.

A poor reward for being essential to Britain's reconstruction — and an anomaly which should at once be removed.

Two Million Unemployed

Some people are saying that the U.S.A. is demobilising its men much faster than we are.

That is true. But there are already two million unemployed in the States.

Prophet of the Peace—Lord Keynes

LORD KEYNES, in Washington to discuss the Lend-Lease bugbear, will no doubt offer our American Allies some expert prophecies on trade and finance.

Expert? He has long been recognised as a world authority on economics and banking.

Prophet? He was only in his middle thirties when, after representing the Treasury at the Versailles Conference, he wrote his best-known book, "The Economic Consequences of the Peace." Unfortunately, its devastating predictions came true.

Next month he will be sixty-two. But the march of the years has not dimmed his foresight nor dammed his outspokenness.

"The bankers of the world are bent on suicide," he said in 1931. Later, he warned the champions of gold that they would have to be "extremely wise and moderate if they are to avoid a revolution"—though now he seems to be a gold-advocate himself. More recently still, he declared that finance must not stand in the way of reconstruction.

But all that is only one side of this good-humoured, burly six-footer. A patron of the arts, he urges every blitzed town to build a drama and music centre, and he wants London to become a great artistic metropolis for all the world to visit and wonder at.

The artistic life, indeed, is part of his life. For he is married to Lydia Lopokova, the toast of London when the Russian Ballet was the rage.

She nursed him when, in 1937, his heart first began to give trouble. She will look after him in Washington. And all of us can be sure that he will look after our interests.

And Uncle Sam is predicting a rise to seven millions.

Do we want that here?

Maps Out!

APART FROM "military missions" comprising British, Russian, Dutch, French, New Zealand and Australian elements, main burden of the Japanese occupation will, of course, be borne by American forces.

The task of cleaning up and occupying the Dutch East Indies is expected to fall on a combined Anglo-Dutch force. On the Chinese mainland Russians, British and Chinese are scheduled to collaborate in "zones." Korea and Formosa is regarded as another Russian sphere.

Burma and Thailand, in addition to Shanghai, Singapore and Hongkong will be British-controlled. The Americans will hold most of the Pacific islands, including Guam, Wake, Iwojima, Okinawa and the former German, Japan-mandated islands like the Carolines, Marianas and Marshalls.

De Gaulle Knows

GENERAL CONDITIONS in France are improving only slowly—much too slowly in the average Frenchman's opinion.

That General de Gaulle is aware of this dissatisfaction is shown by his remark to a French Ambassador just returned from overseas after a year's absence.

"When you sailed from France last autumn, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur," he said, "you left behind you a nation who felt miserable. Now you will find a nation who feels angry."

It is mainly the failure to feed the industrial centres and to crush the black market which is the chief source of complaint. It may have profound effects on the coming general election.

Quick Work

Yet in one vital sphere the French Government has done well.

The improvement on the railways has been amazing, in view of their disastrous condition when left by the retreating Germans a year ago, not to speak of the necessary destructions carried out before and after D-Day by the Allies' bomber armadas.

Most of the main lines have been restored; services are frequent and speedy.

Incidentally, the French railways were nationalised eight years ago. Their reconstruction has been not the work of private enterprise, but of the State.

Bracken of Bournemouth

MR. CHURCHILL has got his way. Brendan Bracken, knocked out at Paddington by Labour's General Mason-MacFarlane, emigrates from ungrateful London to the luscious Conservative pastures of Bournemouth, where his return for the present vacancy seems certain.

Bracken will certainly add colour to the Opposition Front Bench, somewhat lacking in the robust hit-'em-wi[illegible]-everything-except-the-Speaker's-Chair tactics in which he excelled.

In order of priority after Bracken, Mr. Churchill would dearly love to see his son-in-law Duncan Sandys and his son Randolph back in Parliament. The

FIRE! STORM! FLOOD!

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader a Household Insurance including protection for furniture and household effects against FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

Readers not already registered or who have changed address or newsagent can obtain Registration Forms from JOHN BULL'S Insurance Dept., 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

first should be an early return. The second, apart from surname, is not a good starter in the by-election stakes.

Brown of Belper

GEORGE BROWN, Labour M.P. for Belper (Derbyshire), least spectacular of Parliament's "under thirty-fives," is likely to go further than most. Minister of Labour Isaacs was one of the last Ministers to choose his Parliamentary Private Secretary. He has chosen Brown, and chosen well.

A Londoner, dark-haired, quiet and precise of manner, Brown is one of the very few new Labour M.P.s who knows the Trade Union machine from the inside. His early working life was spent in a departmental store. He used to rush away from his job to attend Labour Youth meetings.

Brown's "uniform of servitude," as he described it—immaculate striped trousers, black jacket and stiff collar—became a traditional joke among his sartorially irreverent Socialist Youth colleagues.

Cigar for Herbert

BECAUSE DIFFICULT TIMES lie ahead for the Government, Labour unity is going to be all-important. How strong are the bonds that unite policy and policy-makers on the Front Bench?

After Herbert Morrison's scathing reply to Oliver Lyttelton in the debate on the King's speech, Herbert came into the Commons' Smoke Room with a group of excited and delighted friends.

Shortly afterwards Aneurin Bevan rushed in. He bought a big cigar from the few remaining specimens in the cigar cabinet, presented it to Herbert, and insisted upon his smoking it, there and then.

"When Nye Bevan buys Herbert a cigar, that makes political history. When Herbert smokes it, Labour unity reaches an all-time high level," said one Member.

Battle for Balfour

FRIEND AND FOE alike acknowledge that Honor Balfour was one of the outstanding candidates in the General Election. Flying the Liberal flag in Darwen, Lancashire, she fought a brilliant way—to the bottom of the poll.

The Labour Party likes her, and would welcome her to its ranks. The Liberals love her, and urge her to be true. We hear that Lady Megan Lloyd-George has been personally disturbed by rumours that Miss Balfour may be considering her political future anew in view of the clear General Election decision about the place of the Liberal Party.

We predict that this much sought-after young lady is likely to sit back for some time before making her decision to abandon the Liberal Party.

Engineers in a Maze

THE ATOM BOMB has blown engineers into the middle of next century. They were about to spend a million pounds on the development of jet propulsion. They were preparing to build the Severn Barrage to produce cheap power—its estimated cost in 1943 was £47,000,000.

Now they fear that such projects, by the time they were completed, might be as out of date as the stage coach. On the other hand, it may take ten or twenty years to adapt atomics to peaceful purposes.

Should they go ahead? Or wait on the scientists?

Public Spirit, Please!

THESE ARE THIRSTY DAYS. And some public-houses are about as "public" as the public schools. Extensive, expert research confirms that not only is beer short and spirits shorter, but that too many publicans are making things worse. The VJ alibi for the pub. with the almost ever-closed door no longer holds.

One local host takes pride in opening as often for as long as he can. Not so the publican across the road. He closes as long as he dare and concentrates on

The Weed

skimming the cream of the week-end rush. This leaves his unlucky neighbour to give regular service to his own regulars, and provide for the stray customers who ought to be catered for by both houses.

Some time ago the Licensed Victuallers issued an appeal to their members to play the game. Another appeal is overdue. Meanwhile, gross offenders might be forcibly reminded that renewal of their licence is dependent on service to the public.

Can You Believe It?

MOST PEOPLE KNOW that those who help to stir up racial and sectarian hatred among the United Nations are playing the Nazis' game: they will no doubt welcome Tim's cartoon on this page. Alexander Ratcliffe, of Glasgow, who throughout the war has been spitting venom at Jews and Catholics, now gives them something to marvel at in his paper, "The Protestant Vanguard."

His leading article comments: "Allied to the politicians, whose serfs they are, the pressmen of Britain and Allied Nations enjoyed their last kick on the news of Hitler's death being made known. They appropriately met the occasion with funereal fulminations, and made a last effort to discredit the life and work of a man whose shoes they were not worthy to unloose."

Bring Back the Nazis!

Ratcliffe goes on to say: "The liberation which Hitler gave to the German working-classes especially was a liberation of fact, and the day will yet come when once again the things of Hitler and his National Socialism will hold sway for the German people."

After this it is not surprising to find in the "Vanguard" advertisements of anti-Jewish and anti-Catholic publications ("Jews and the White Slave Traffic," and "Horrible Lives of Popes" are examples), as well as of Leese's notorious "Jewish Information Bureau." There may be people silly enough to believe this nonsense, but surely none who will credit the "blessings" that Hitler rule brought to the German people!

Alive or Dead?

ACCORDING TO ITS opponents, jazz has been dying ever since it began in New Orleans about the turn of the century. But one of its greatest exponents, Artie Shaw, is now saying it too.

Shaw is the most unpredictable of all the jazz unpredictables. He married Lana Turner, was divorced, built up the greatest swing band in the business, gave it up, and announced that he would devote himself in future to serious music and composition.

Well, perhaps he'll make up his mind!

Fore!

OUR BEST-KNOWN golf professional, Henry Cotton, wants to make golf as popular a spectacle as football and cricket. He plans to build stands opposite the 18th hole to accommodate the people who want to see the finish of big golf tournaments.

Much more sensible would be the real popularising of this grand game for the masses *to play*. The idea still persists that golf is a "rich man's game." It is in some of the more exclusive clubs, but thousands enjoy playing on our public courses at an average of 1s. 6d. per round.

And in Scotland, the home of golf, it really is democratic. The 'bus conductor will tell you about the grand iron shot he had at the fifth while he is punching your ticket.

Tribute to Ted

FOOTBALL HAS BEGUN, with its usual quota of transfer sensations (read "More Kicks than Ha'pence" on page 13), but a thought shall be spared for that great-hearted player Ted Drake, who has been forced into retirement by a spinal injury.

The modern type of football, where the centre forward has to be a battering ram rather than clever in the manner of Andy Wilson, Hughie Gallacher or Dixie Dean, is a hazardous business for the player.

Drake estimates that the war cost him more than £2,000. Where a man has a playing career of not more than ten years and six of them are spoiled by war, it is more than tough. Football chiefs should see that Ted is treated as he deserves—handsomely.

When Hannen Swaffer Was a War Criminal

SIR ARTHUR SALTER, the Liberal economist, recently returned as one of the two members for Oxford University, placed high among his distinctions—modestly mentioned in his election address—the fact that his name appeared on the German roll of war criminals.

For the Nazi leaders, now at last brought to trial, had themselves compiled a list of those whom they intended, had they won, to bring to "justice."

Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin lead the field—"treacherous and implacable enemies of the German Reich." They are followed closely by Eden, Vansittart and Duff Cooper. Field-Marshal Smuts appears, charged with having conspired to deliver the peoples of South Africa into bondage to Britain; and various national leaders of France, Poland and Czechoslovakia receive honourable mention.

But whereas the Allied lists allege definite criminal acts against those charged, the German charge-sheet, as reported by the *Volkischer Beobachter*, makes only vague accusations. Perhaps, in Nazi eyes, to have opposed Germany was crime enough; no other indictment was needed.

Jews figure prominently on the list, even when not themselves of special prominence. Such listing is obviously for propaganda purposes, since the Nazis explained away all the hatred engendered against Nazi Germany as part of a Jewish conspiracy.

Lord Simon—always referred to as "the Jew, Simon," though the ex-Lord Chancellor is not in fact of Jewish blood—appears as a sinister figure of the financial underworld, ceaselessly plotting Germany's overthrow. Hore-Belisha is another British politician who, in the event of Nazi victory, was to be given short shrift.

Journalists who had displeased Hitler, Goering or the Gestapo in general had a special black-list devoted to them. Two frequent contributors to JOHN BULL appeared on this list—Stanley Bishop and Hannen Swaffer.

"Swaff" especially seems to have annoyed the Nazis. Von Kres, London correspondent of the *Volkischer Beobachter*, and one of Ribbentrop's principal spies, apparently selected him as among those to be shot at once on Hitler's entry into our capital.

There's nothing stirring about the slow hard grind ahead, but HANNEN SWAFFER says that we may emerge from the struggle stronger than ever before if we recapture the united spirit of 1940

No Blood—But Toil and Sweat

WE FACE ANOTHER 1940. We stand with our backs to the Wall Street. It is Cease-Lend now. Expected to help others, we are suddenly refused further help. So we must help ourselves, or perish.

This time, it is a Battle *for* Britain.

Surely both Churchill and Attlee foresaw what would happen when Japan collapsed—that the powers granted by Congress to the President to grant us aid would automatically end! Surely they must both have known that the American classes of Big Money would seize their opportunity to grab our markets for America and take advantage of the fact that, for well over five years, all our factory plants have been busy on war work, while many of theirs have been preparing for peace.

Hard Times Ahead, But—

And so lamentably has our Ministry of Information failed in its "propaganda" that, even now, the Americans have no idea of what we suffered in the war or of how, to-day, we are in some respects even worse off. We sent to the States high-paid people with "social contacts"—but little news.

Well, America's turn will come. Shortly, she will have long unemployment queues. Now, to keep her factories going, she is rushing out to India, once our markets, shiploads of goods at Japanese pre-war prices. Our overseas trade is lost.

Financially, we are bankrupt. We face hard and gruelling times. We do not want to become the forty-ninth State in the Union. That state would be worse than our last.

But this also is true—if we can recapture the spirit of 1940, if we can become, once again, a united people dedicated to a common cause, we shall emerge from the struggle stronger than before. Indeed, out of our stress and struggle the New Britain of our dreams may be born.

If we can team Science to Industry, master all our resources, develop the Empire's natural wealth, and bring out all that is best in our manhood and womanhood, we shall in the long run be better off than we were before 1939.

Fortunately for the masses, there is in power a Labour administration that, in the days of shortage, will see that the poorest get their share. Were the Conservatives still in, they would turn to wage cuts for the remedy, and start on a mad as-you-please race that would leave the less speedy at the mercy of financial wolves.

Cripps the Enigma

In our present plight we look to Sir Stafford Cripps, who is President of the Board of Trade, for a policy which will redeem us.

He starts with two advantages—all the controls he needs and the fact that the Tories, because of our sudden extremity, dare no longer oppose them.

But he is handicapped because, for three long years, Churchill either prevented or postponed the working out of post-war plans. It was because Cripps continually warned him, in vain, that Winston finally dismissed him from the War Cabinet.

Almost immediately, however, so immense are his gifts, Churchill asked him to head the Ministry of Aircraft Production, which Beaverbrook's hasty, but much-needed, scramble for planes had left in a muddle—and with the amazing words: "I hope I shall prove worthy of your sacrifice."

Well, we did not hear very much of Cripps in his new job. That proves that he was an outstanding success. He planned aeroplane production so smoothly that we scarcely heard of him.

What sort of a man is Cripps? Frankly, he

STAFFORD CRIPPS SEEN BY HALL

is an enigma. Cold and aloof, he is hard to understand. He has all the reserve of unimpeachable virtue. Only occasionally does the revivalism of his Socialist zeal warm him to people, and even then it has several times got him into trouble. Indeed, he was out of the Labour Party, because of impatience that made him found the Socialist League, from 1939 to 1945.

His father, the first Baron Parmoor, was an ecclesiastical lawyer of high repute, who followed Lord Haldane as Lord Chancellor in a Socialist Government. Parmoor had three sons—Leonard and Freddie, who both went into business, and Stafford, the youngest, who, a puzzle to the other two, was religious as a boy, called "The Archbishop" at times. Although trained as a chemist—he helped to run a Government explosives factory in the last war—Stafford was called to the Bar and, in due course, became known as the possessor of one of the best legal brains of our time.

Missions to Moscow and Delhi

Idealism made him into a Socialist. Although a wealthy landlord with a model estate in the Cotswolds, where he encouraged home industries, he faced up to the fact that a practical Christian should join the Labour Party.

This, in later years, made him share Dr. Temple's platform during "The Archbishop's crusade." In this, as I said at the time, "The Archbishop of Canterbury spoke like a statesman and Cripps, a statesman, spoke like an Archbishop."

Twice in the war his moral courage sustained him in most difficult jobs—in Moscow, where he went before Russia was attacked, and in India, whither he journeyed in the vain hope of solving a problem that had baffled everybody. "You are a fool to go to Delhi," he was warned. "It is my duty," he replied.

The Tories, making fun of him because of his Russian adventures, spread the story that Stalin did not like him because "he will talk about Communism."

The Indian failure was fastened on him; but in no sense could it have been his fault.

He returned from Moscow so popular that, after Churchill, he was for a time the most talked-of man in Britain. He could then have led a Party of his own. Youth reverenced him.

But refusing to capitalise his popularity, he joined the War Cabinet, at Winston's urgent request, and became Leader of the House. In that position he failed. Indeed, he once lectured M.P.s for not attending a debate, apparently not knowing that scores of them were busy in a committee room upstairs.

Cripps is a bad politician. He does the right thing at the wrong time. But then that is all part of his sterling honesty. He never seeks his own advantage.

Time to Rally the Nation

Years ago he gave up the biggest income at the Bar, where, for years, he refused to take a case unless he was satisfied that his client was right. And once, when briefed, at an enormous figure, to fight a commercial case, he got in wrong with his wealthy clients by discussing Socialism!

Anyway, this I can now insist is true of Cripps—that, in reorganising trade and industry on Socialist lines, he will act with a supreme impartiality. His long experience of intricate commercial cases and his wartime management of aircraft production have more than qualified him for the task he faces.

He should recapture, though, some of his old missionary fervour. The nation must now be called to a sense of its duty. It must be made to realise what it must go through, and for what reason.

Who Will be the Man of Peace?

Churchill could not now repeat the speeches that thrilled the world in 1940. He is a man of battle who exults in conflict. He cannot see behind what looks to him a lot of dull and mechanical planning the tense drama of the fight for human betterment. There will be no guns in the battle that lies ahead. There will be little excitement. It will be dreary toil—yes, "toil and sweat and tears," but no blood. And it is the blood that excites warriors.

We need, to-day, another Voice.

Who will insist on the use of our new-discovered minerals, spotted from the air, in the recent geological survey, but neglected underground?

Who will send out fishing fleets made up of motor vessels, built for war, to reap the ill-organised harvest of the sea?

Who will encourage the gathering of every herb and berry and start again the salvage of metals that was stopped a year ago?

And who will give to all young and active brains that chance hitherto denied them—education and training for the change-over from chaotic muddle to systematic planning and inspiration to embark on a life in the service of our race?

Cripps used our nationally controlled factories for 'plane-making. Immediately, they must be adapted for the manufacture of the necessities of peace!

Our task in 1940 saved mankind. Our task in 1945 is to save ourselves.

OPEN LETTERS

Mrs. Barbara Castle, M.P.,

P.P.S. to Sir Stafford Cripps

DEAR MRS. CASTLE,—The President of the Board of Trade is not only a great lawyer, but also a skilful psychologist, and the most recent evidence of his judgment was his choice of a young woman as his Parliamentary Private Secretary.

In that capacity you can get for him just the information he must have to enable him to do his job properly.

Sir Stafford, for instance, is credited with the intention to lose no time in remedying, so far as prevailing circumstances permit, those minor grievances that cause major irritations to most people, particularly to women.

First step is to list the grievances, and that is where you come right into the picture, for you can gain the confidence of your female friends where a blundering male or even a less favoured female would merely get their backs up.

Coupons, corsets, stockings, brassieres—these are the raw material of popular discontent. Yet these are the topics about which you will have no difficulty in getting the facts from your women friends, whether journalists in Fleet Street or cotton operatives in your constituency of Blackburn.

Incidentally, I am pleased you have taken one of the unpaid jobs that are well known to be the first rungs on the ladder of ministerial promotion. I think you are destined for a notable career in politics, and I wish you the very best of luck.—JOHN BULL.

Barbara Castle — to whom women look for justice at the Board of Trade

Sir Waldron Smithers, M.P.,

Sevenoaks, Kent

DEAR SIR WALDRON,—Words are the M.P.'s tools, and he should use them as carefully as an engineering fitter handles a micrometer calliper.

Why, in the House of Commons, did you use the word "monopoly" in connection with the Co-operative Wholesale Society?

The Oxford English Dictionary defines a monopoly as "exclusive possession of the trade in some article of merchandise; the condition of having no competitor in the sale of some commodity or in the exercise of some trade or business."

The C.W.S. trades in many kinds of goods, but in none does it possess the trade exclusively. Nor is there any commodity in the making or marketing of which it has no competitor.

Moreover, you aggravate your offence of misusing a word by tacking on two adjectives to give added weight to your baseless allegation. You describe the C.W.S. as "this dangerous and most pernicious of all the monopolies in this country."

I fancy the Co-ops' millions of members will laugh loudly at this charge. Probably you will hear some of them doing so!—JOHN BULL.

Sir Henry Holloway,

Lord of the Manor, West Lavington

DEAR SIR,—When villagers of West Lavington came to you with £760 they had raised to buy a six-acre field for a sports ground, you declined to sell.

You offered them the use of the field on a 199-year lease at a rent of a shilling an acre.

If more landowners showed your public spirit we would be getting somewhere.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. John Wilmot, M.P.,

Minister of Supply

DEAR MR. WILMOT,—Workers in the Royal Ordnance Factories are reasonable people. They are the first to admit that there is no sense in wasting precious materials and wearing out valuable machines to make useless munitions.

But naturally they are uneasy about their future. To them the factory is the means of livelihood, the focus around which their lives revolve. They are anxious that transition shall involve the minimum of upset.

Nor are they concerned merely to avoid becoming redundant. They want above all things to continue as State servants rather than be handed over to private employers along with so many machines and so much floor space, "for a consideration." Their passionate desire to serve their country in peace as in war is a national asset you may do well to prize.

There can be no doubt about the efficiency of most of these factories, to which your predecessor, Sir Andrew Duncan, has paid eloquent tribute. Nor, in the country that made Mulberry harbours and Pluto pipelines can it be denied that they are capable of being adapted to the production of the nation's peace time needs.

Have you a plan for them?—JOHN BULL.

General Franco,

Dictator of Spain

SIR,—Your somersaults are really getting boring. I am not even amused by your Government's sudden discovery that your régime is based on "the respect of the rights of the individual," and can therefore look on our Labour Party "with benevolence and sympathy."

If it's sympathy you want from Britain, you've had it. It was never shared by most of our people, and I doubt if you will find Mr. Bevin susceptible to flattery.

Better save your breath for your farewell speech.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

THE PRICE

BERNARD SHAW once remarked: "You can get anything you want if only you want it sufficiently and are prepared to pay the price." Many people overlook that bit about being prepared to pay the price.

Yet how right Shaw was. For, truth to tell, you can't get anything in this old world without paying for it.

You may pay in love, in friendship, in hard work, or in actual material wealth. But pay you will and pay you must.

Not only is it necessary to pay for what we get, but it is also impossible to cheat without payment being exacted in the end.

We can't even cheat ourselves without being penalised sooner or later. Perhaps it is even harder to cheat ourselves with impunity than to cheat others.

But returning to Shaw, note that he said that you can get anything you want if you are *prepared* to pay the price. So many things are simply not worth the price we should have to pay.

Is anything worth the sacrifice of honour? Is any reward big enough to compensate for the loss of the respect and regard of other people? Is anything in the world worth the loss of *self*-respect?

These are questions that repay thinking over when we are wondering what we shall do in the future.

Let us have a goal and a clear idea of the road we are going to travel to reach that goal. And then let us look coolly at the price we shall have to pay as we travel and make very sure that what we want is worth the price and that we are fully prepared to pay it.

Argument

In the U.S.A. all earned income over 75,000 dollars a ye (£15,000) are made public b the Income Tax Authoritie

SHOULD ALL HIGH INCOME BE PUBLISHED?

yes

1. Money is power. Those wh have money, rule. Citizens have right to know by whom they a ruled.

2. All earnings are paid by th community in the last analysis. Th community has a right to kno whom it is paying, and how much

3. When high salaries are paid t directors of a company, the fac should not be concealed from th shareholders.

4. Disclosure of high income makes large-scale income-tax frau more difficult.

5. In Britain, where there is n publication of income figures, th very rich often evade social respon sibilities by pleading poverty. I the United States this is impossibl

6. There is, in fact, a strong cas for extending the American practic to incomes at a far lower level, an including unearned as well a earned income.

7. What harm can it do an hones man to have his income known Those who object reveal by thei objection that their consciences ar uneasy concerning their wealth.

no

1. Under competitive capitalism i is a fair assumption that no ma will be paid—at least, for long more than he is worth.

2. The question of what he worth concerns only the individua and those who pay him. If he an they are content, who else nee grumble?

3. The salaries of Civil Servant are public because they are pai with public money. The salary o the ordinary employee is personal and private.

4. No income is secret from th tax authorities, and provided the know it, the right of the communit to the knowledge is clearly satisfied Forced disclosure of income mus lead to all manner of concealment

5. To parade the names and in comes of a few successful men en courages blind envy in the unthink ing.

6. Why disclose only the highe incomes? If the community has right to know these it has a righ to know everyone's.

7. The ordinary citizen should as himself: How should I like my in come to be known? Then, if h values privacy for himself, he should be willing to allow everyone to en joy it—even the rich.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE PEACE

A recent event in remote Chungking has aroused little interest in the Western world. Yet its importance to us all is immense. And posterity may regard it as the most momentous consequence of the Second World War

says A. G. GARDINER

A GRAND STEP FORWARD has been made in the building of the New World Order. No pillar of that structure is more vital to its permanence than the unity and independence of China.

When Japan set out to conquer the world, China was to be the springboard of her adventure. With one-fifth of the population of the earth enslaved to her design, her next step would be easy. The hegemony of Asia would be won.

That would give her more than half the population of the earth to play with and nearly half its potentialities. Europe would collapse before an Asiatic inundation that would make the invasions of Ghengiz Khan and Tamerlane seem like mere picnics.

And with the Japanese dominion of the Atlantic added to the dominion of the Pacific, America would be isolated indeed and ripe for slaughter. The world would be won.

That was the programme which now lies in ruins. The key to its fulfilment was the disintegration of China and the defeat of the Sun Yat Sen revolution which aimed at establishing her independence and unity.

If China once got on her feet, Japan's chance would be gone. She must not get on her feet. For 25 years all Japanese policy was directed to keeping China in chaos until the moment came for the spring at her throat.

The European war brought the moment, but it was just a shade too late. A great leader in the person of Chiang Kai-shek had gone far to consolidate the revolution and unify China, and the lack of arms was compensated by the heroic spirit of a resurrected nation.

Mankind's Outlook Transformed

What followed we know. China was not conquered, and in a very real sense her glorious resistance was a major factor in deciding the issue of the World War.

By that resistance she did two things. She established her claim to independence and she took her place as one of the four Great Powers whom the war has left in control of the destiny of the world.

If things had gone differently, if China's 450 millions had been enslaved by Japan, the world might well have been lost, no matter what happened in Europe. But with China victorious and Japan defeated the whole outlook of mankind is transformed. With a free, self-governing China and (as we hope) a free, self-governing India, Asia ceases to be a subject of fear and apprehension. It becomes an organic part of the New World Order, a pillar of the structure which spans the Pacific to Washington and the Eastern Hemisphere to Moscow and London.

It is because the Russo-Chinese Treaty brings this vision nearer fulfilment that I have referred to it as a grand step forward in the building of the New World Order.

It has removed, we may hope finally, two

Young Chinese architects at work—their country is part of the foundation of the New World Order, a dream brought nearer fulfilment by the Russo-Chinese Treaty

causes of disquiet. One was concerned with the relations of China and Russia.

These two great Empires march across Asia side by side for a thousand miles, very much as the frontiers of Canada and the United States march across the North American continent.

Such proximity is obviously capable of infinite causes of collision. They involve questions like Russia's need of warm water access to the Pacific, and the status of territories like Manchuria and Outer Mongolia.

Of all these purely territorial questions that of Manchuria was the most delicate. Manchuria has been a sort of cock-pit of the East for generations.

Morally and geographically, China's claim to it is indisputable, but Russia and Japan have each in turn played high stakes for it. The railway that runs through it to the sea was built by Russia, and the seizure of the province by Japan in 1931 was the first open intimation of Japan's vast dreams of world empire.

More Than Land at Stake

Would it still remain a bone of contention after this war? We hoped and we feared.

Happily our hopes have won. Manchuria is at long last reunited to China, and Russia's long-standing interests in the railways are justly safeguarded. So with the understandings arrived at in connection with Outer Mongolia and Sinkiang. They are just and statesmanlike. The concessions to Russia at Port Arthur and Dairen are substantial, but not unreasonable.

There is, however, something more important in the Treaty than the territorial agreements which entitle us to welcome it as an omen of the future.

China, no more than any other country, is not all of one mind. A powerful Communist movement, led by Mao-Tse-tung, has operated in the northern province of Yenan.

To this movement Chiang Kai-shek has been hostile. He is quite frankly anti-Communist, and began his career by eliminating Borodin's influence in the Kuomintang.

Deep concern prevailed as to what would happen in China when the war with Japan was won.

Would there be civil war between the factions? Mao-Tse-tung had declined to go to Chungking and was supposed to have in mind the establishment of a separate government in Northern China and Manchuria.

Hope for Chinese Unity

Would that imply Russian support of a government hostile to the Central Government of Chiang? If so, Chinese unity would be shattered and no one could foresee the effect of that upon the new world structure.

At the best it would arouse suspicions of the most unfortunate character. At the worst it might have fatal consequences to world peace.

Happily, the Treaty has cleared the sky of all these clouds. It accepts the fact of Chinese unity and Chinese independence as fundamental.

The negotiations with Chiang Kai-shek cover the whole ground of Russo-Chinese relations, and recognise, *ipso facto*, that the Central Government, now transferred from Chungking to Nanking, is the sole authority qualified to act in the name of China and for China as a single entity.

This is a fact of capital importance. It should remove any likelihood of civil war in China, and should pave the way to an accommodation between the pro- and anti-Communist elements in the nation.

Its immediate effect has been the reversal of Mao-Tse-tung's attitude towards Chiang, and we may reasonably expect that the meeting of the leaders will set the final seal upon the unity and independence of the Chinese Republic.

Reason for Rejoicing

Nor is this all. If the results of Mr. Soong's negotiations in Moscow are as satisfactory as they seem, they should have an important bearing on the situation in Eastern Europe.

The causes of anxiety there are of the same nature as those which have been resolved in the Far East. The Dardanelles, for example. They should be removable by the same sincere and candid processes.

We all want the same thing. We can all get the same thing if only we are possessed of the spirit of good will, plain dealing, and mutual sacrifice.

Meanwhile, let us be grateful that one of the most difficult hurdles has been cleared. It may be that history will find in the resurrection of China and its inclusion among the Great Powers that sustain the peaceful fabric of the world the most momentous consequence of the second and we hope the last world war.

Time, the invisible measure behind every job, whether manual labour or brain work

TIME AND JOE WORKMAN

by GILBERT MACALISTER

Wages must be kept high. Factory efficiency must be increased. JOHN BULL will shortly publish details of a revolutionary plan by which both aims might be achieved. Meanwhile, here is an explanation of one of the vital factors, and how it has been handled by American workers and employers. The facts are equally applicable to Britain, and are reported by the new Labour M.P. for Rutherglen, who is an expert on industrial affairs

WHEN THE MURRAY CORPORATION of America decided to employ "time-study methods" in their Detroit factory they were warned to expect trouble. To trade unionists on both sides of the Atlantic the very words "time study" had a bad smell. The technique they describe was thought, not without reason, to be just one more way of tightening the screw to get the last ounce out of the unfortunate workmen.

Knowing what they were up against, the directors of the Murray Corporation decided on a bold plan. Convinced that the opposition to their scheme would be based largely on misunderstanding—the result of the wrong use of the system in the hands of firms unscrupulous or ill-advised—they determined to take the union officials into their confidence from the start.

So the workers were not confronted with a "take-it-or-leave-it" scheme—they were invited to send their delegates to study the new proposals and to report on them.

Shop Stewards Fascinated

Five management engineers from the firm of industrial specialists who were to put in the scheme were sent to give a complete course of instruction to the shop stewards, who were asked to pass on to the factory staff all they had learned.

The shop stewards took the course. To a man, they were fascinated by the new outlook on modern industrial methods which it gave them. They reported enthusiastically in its favour—and to show in plain language just what the new ideas added up to, they wrote *The Story of Joe Workman*,* a straightforward tale of the snags a man encountered in taking on various jobs, and of how he got round them.

When the "economic blizzard" struck America it struck Joe Workman as hard as anyone. For the first time in his life he found himself unemployed—and he was terribly unhappy. For Joe was a good workman, and proud of his work. Idleness hurt him as much as being short of money. So when a neighbour named Frank Customer asked him if he would mind laying a drain in his backyard, Joe Workman jumped at the chance of getting to work again.

Joe calculated that he would have to put the drain about 6 ft. down and that there would be probably only a few barrows of earth to haul from the ditch. He thought the work would take about four days, and he asked Frank if he was willing to pay seven dollars (about 35s.) a day.

Frank agreed, and at the end of the four days Joe had done a good workmanlike job. Frank was pleased and Joe had made his seven dollars a day—twenty-eight dollars in all, far more than he had ever been able to make as an employee.

His luck held. Next day another neighbour, George E. Client, asked if he would do a similar job. The second drain was twice as long as the first one. Joe, therefore, asked fifty-six dollars for the job, and George agreed to this.

On the first day Joe worked enthusiastically and by nightfall he had laid out the whole length of the ditch and was down about a foot. Next morning his muscles were sore and his back was aching, and he realised that he would have to find a pace that he could keep up all day long and still start fresh the next day.

Just before he quit, however, he encountered a snag. The first job had been in sandy soil; now he had struck hard blue clay. Joe wondered how deep the clay went and how long it would take him to remove it. In fact, instead of taking eight days the job took fourteen, and Joe realised that all jobs were not alike.

In sandy soil he had made seven dollars a day, but in the clay he had only made fifty-six dollars divided by fourteen, or four dollars a day.

Joe realised that in future he must consider the kind of soil in which he would have to work and the depth to which he would have to go.

If he was to price his jobs low enough to get the work, and high enough to make a decent living, he would have to make careful calculations.

Joe saw that the deeper he went the higher he had to reach to throw the dirt out, and the more time it took. He saw that he had to consider how far he would have to wheel his barrow when required to dump the dirt away from the hole.

The situation became further complicated when at the end of one day's hard work his shovel snapped. Joe had to buy a new one, and that made him reflect on the expenses incurred in carrying on his business. He had to make an allowance for shovels, for petrol and oil for his car, for tyres, for replacements of shovels and barrows.

He decided—again on a rough calculation—that these expenses should not work out at more than about ten dollars a month.

At the end of three months Joe had taken 396 dollars in sixty-six working days or six dollars a day. After deducting expenses his net income was five dollars a day.

So Joe got down to the task of examining his methods of working. What struck him first was this—*that any improvement in method boiled down to a saving in time.*

In making his estimates, therefore, Joe approached the problem with two questions in his mind. The first was: *How much work is there in this job?* The second: *On the average, how much work can I expect from myself in one day applying ordinary skill and working at a rate which I will be able to keep up all day long and day after day?*

Looking back on all his previous jobs, Joe realised that time had become the measure, both of his own rate of performance and also of the efficiency of his tools and methods.

As the months went on Joe became more ambitious and, having found himself reasonably successful with ditch and drain jobs, he estimated for excavating a cellar. He knew that he could not do the job himself, and decided to hire for ten dollars a day a man with horses and a scoop.

Good Living for All

Joe calculated that allowing three days for the scoop and five days for himself the job would work out at sixty-five dollars. In fact, the scoop took four days and Joe himself had to put in six days. He had paid forty dollars for the scoop and team, so he was left with only twenty-five dollars for six days of his own time.

That meant he was making only just over four dollars a day—a good deal below the mini-

MAN AND THE CLOCK

● **How does the worker fare under a timing system?**

Hitherto, his chief cause of complaint is that the Bedaux and other similar methods have been geared to the profit machine. He feels that he has been "speeded up" only in the interests of his employers.

Under nationalisation, this complaint would disappear. The worker would know that his job was being timed in the interests of all—including himself—and that the rate would be fixed at a level consistent with his physical and mental well-being.

The idea behind the Bedaux method is that all jobs can be measured in terms of a common unit. For a heavy job the unit may consist of 40 seconds' work and 20 seconds' rest. An operator working at normal speed should produce 60 units an hour. If he can produce 80 an hour he earns a bonus in respect of the extra 20.

But the method can be used by unscrupulous employers to make operatives "work against the clock," and this JOHN BULL is pledged to fight.

At one factory near London workers had to make 20½ ball-bearings an hour before qualifying for bonus. Twelve months later, the figure was revised so that 28 bearings had to be made per hour before the bonus rate was reached.

Thus the workers were paid less for turning out more. Their nerves became strained. In order to beat the clock they had to scamp their job. Material was wasted. Eventually the rate had to be reduced to 21 an hour

* *Told in "Production Standards, by Labour and Management" (Stevenson, Jordan and Harrison, Ltd., London. 10s. 6d. net).*

um he had set himself. So Joe decided in future employ a couple of men at six dollars a day, e man doing the digging while the other worked the top removing the surplus soil.

Johnny, who worked in the ditch, said that could do the job better if he had a pick for e clay soil, an axe for breaking up roots, and crowbar for loosening stones. Joe did not want spend all this money, but he saw that Johnny as right and that time would be saved if he ad proper tools. He decided to buy the tools.

A few months later, looking over the results of his new method of working, Joe saw that he had ade a good living for both himself and the men.

Again it was brought home to him that the ne common factor, whether employing men or sing more efficient tools, was the amount of time aken to do the job. He saw that whenever he ad been unable to make an accurate estimate f the amount of work in a particular job he ad always failed to make a proper profit. The xtra days involved—in other words, the time-oss—cost him money.

Soon Joe found that he was getting far more ontracts than he could handle, so he went to firm which manufactured mechanised excava-ors and asked if they would let him have a ower shovel on hire purchase. They said they ould and offered him one of their own operators.

Joe found that he needed a car and a trailer o take the shovel from one job to another. He lso found when the weather was bad he had to on paying the hire-purchase price for the ower shovel, even when he was unable to use it. e also found that he had to pay his men their uaranteed hourly rate even when for one reason r another they could not get on with the job.

Success Story

Joe described all these things as "trouble" nd decided that "trouble" must be put down on he cost sheet as an *excess* cost which did not hange the basic *elements* of the job in hand.

Joe always used only trade union labour. It paid him best. His workers were always fully represented by stewards, but the stewards knew it was their job not only to protect the rights of the men, but also to see that Joe got a square deal from them. For if Joe was not successful, the men would not be successful either. Their jobs depended on Joe's success. In time he became one of the biggest building contractors in the United States.

There, then, is the "success story" the Murray Corporation shop stewards wrote to show what time study is and how it works.

They had seen in their training that whatever job a man was engaged on, there was one thing in common to every task, and that was the amount of time applied to the production of the finished article. In fact, broadly speaking, the cost of a particular product was got by adding up these factors: (1) the cost of material, (2) the cost of the time—that is—the man-hours, applied to it, (3) the overheads—cost and repair of buildings, machinery, management, welfare services, and so on.

Making Prosperity

They saw that the basic element in all industry was what the management engineers called *the standard hour of work*, defined as the amount of work which an average workman working at average speed could produce in sixty minutes having regard to fatigue and to the equipment and facilities at his disposal.

This, they saw, was the common element in all industry and in all production, and that whereas in the past time-study had sometimes been used as an instrument to debase working-class standards of life it could and should be used as an instrument to increase the consumer goods available, to shorten working hours, to raise production, and to increase wages.

That is the moral of *The Story of Joe Workman*. Grasp of the principles behind it will be of utmost importance in the British post-war industrial effort.

"The Governments in Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary do not represent a majority of the people. . . . One kind of totalitarianism is being replaced by another. This is not what we understand by democracy," says blunt Mr. Bevin. Here are the facts behind his speech

Bevin Shows the Red Light

ANTHONY EDEN could only say "I agree," in twenty different ways, to Ernest Bevin's exposition of Britain's foreign policy.

Newspapers the world over are showing the same restraint, particularly in regard to the Foreign Secretary's sardonic but calm reference to Russia's "little brother" neighbours.

Mr. Bevin picked his words carefully because the Balkan cauldron is boiling again.

British reporters, if they were allowed to visit Bulgaria—which has consented to postpone election following an Anglo-American protest—would soon seek the solution of many mysteries by frank discussion with the country's most prominent leader.

He is George Dimitrov, whose influence has shaped his country's destinies from inside and outside for many years—and the man who stood up against Goering when put in the dock, in 1933, under the false accusation of having fired the Berlin Reichstag.

After his acquittal—in spite of Goering's threats—Dimitrov went to Russia. He became a Soviet citizen and Deputy, rose to be secretary of the Comintern. Now he has been released from his Soviet allegiance and resumed his Bulgarian nationality.

Why should he provide an answer to the questions we are asking about Bulgaria and other Balkan countries? There is no doubt that he represents Soviet ideas and Soviet policy in South-East Europe. If he is, as one can expect, to assume leadership of Bulgaria, we must understand what is in his mind.

Those who know him best will testify to his violent hatred of Fascism. But is he also a democrat—as Western people understand it?

Democracy, as Dimitrov and his Soviet friends interpret it, provides for strict control of the people so that leaders can guide them to prosperity and political stability.

Bulgarian Democrats

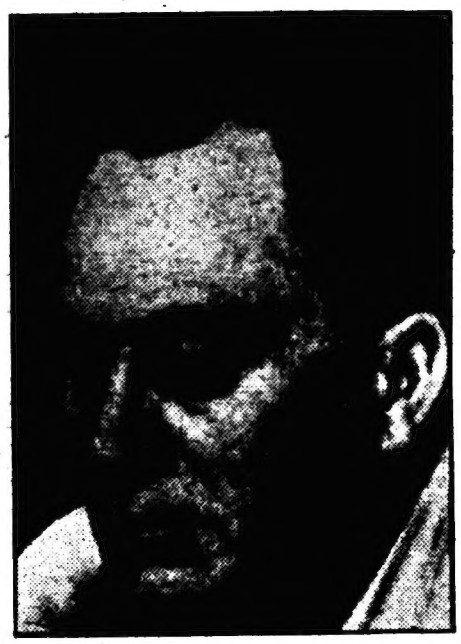
That is why the proposed Bulgarian election was to deal only with one party and only one list of candidates. And that is why Britain and America insisted that they would not recognise a Government thus elected.

In the meantime, Bulgarian politicians who subscribe to the Western view of democracy insist that they go in fear of their lives.

A namesake of Dimitrov recently took refuge in the United States Embassy in Sofia and has been there ever since. Meanwhile, too, the Communist-controlled "Fatherland Front" rules the country, and, one after another, the representatives of other parties have resigned from the Government.

Bulgaria is a poor country and needs help to develop her meagre resources. Though the peasants look to Russia for that help, they do not like the collective farms which have recently been introduced. They approve, however, of Soviet determination to punish the generals and politicians who played the Nazi game.

A long procession of major and minor quislings has been moved into Russia. But many whom we regard as good democrats have



Bulgaria's Russian-trained George Dimitrov is something of a mystery man in Western eyes

equally suffered in the general clean-up which was conducted by the Soviet Army and authorities of occupation.

There is less mystery but equal confusion of ideas in Rumania. While the Rumanian wireless and the few independent reports available testify to much good work done under Soviet auspices, it has all been accomplished in accordance with the Russian conception of democracy.

Paradox of King Michael

It has produced a number of paradoxes. The Russians have permitted young King Michael, son of Carol, to remain on the throne, have even decorated him with a Soviet Order of Valour for services rendered. But Michael's hope to return to a constitutional monarchy after the expulsion of the Germans does not seem to have materialised.

An S O S to the world came from Michael three weeks ago. He appealed for assistance in establishing a real democracy. He indicated that his Premier, M. Groza, had refused to resign, although the Cabinet was clearly not representative of Rumanian public opinion.

There are, of course, doubts whether Michael is the man to judge his country's political trend. For that young man was once thought susceptible to German favours and presents—he loved a huge grey Mercedes car which Hitler sent him—and his reliability is not regarded very highly.

Russia's Spoils

Besides, he is known to be under the influence of his mother, Princess Helen, whose ambitions for him have caused many political upsets in the Balkans. However, his idea of democracy is the Western one—and for this reason the Russians have dropped him.

They have broken up the big estates in Rumania. They have nationalised the principal industries which served Hitler's war. But the proceeds of the restored oil wells, the products of vast metal works have gone to Russia exclusively. Rumania's rich wheat harvest is not available to other Balkan countries which used to rely on them. And the Rumanian Communists are the only political group which have been allowed freedom of expression.

Rumours from Hungary

We know, too, that more than half a million Rumanian prisoners of war are still held captive in Russia. We know that "educational labour camps"—concentration camps—are crowded, as in Bulgaria, with opponents of a Government which Britain and America do not regard as representative. Rumania is paying reparations to Russia on a great scale which weakens the country's economy—some say—beyond hope of early recovery.

Though closer to Western Europe than either Bulgaria or Rumania, Hungary has been enveloped more completely in political mist than either of these two countries.

Nobody knows how the people are faring. Rumour penetrating across the closely guarded frontiers speaks of fearful revenge which Soviet troops have taken against the reactionary tormentors of Hungarian Communists.

Russia has always looked towards Budapest with great interest. She never forgets that Hungary was the only Central European country which once had a Bolshevik régime. The leader of that régime, Bela Kun, has often been reported dead; but he is believed to be active once more behind the scenes.

It was the liquidation of the Bela Kun rule after the last war which was accompanied by unspeakable cruelties against the Communists. Horthy, from his H.Q. at the Budapest hotel "Britannia," sent Communists "swimming in the Danube"—they were murdered and thrown into the river.

Many of the murderers were still alive when the Russians entered Hungary, and it is mainly against them and their followers that extreme punitive measures were employed.

Changes Will Come

But Hungary is a rich country, though the political consciousness of the people is hardly comparable with their wealth. Circumstantial reports that the peasants are well satisfied with their Soviet-sponsored régime are believed in well-informed quarters here.

Yet the situation will only be clear when Allied observers are allowed to visit these countries and see and judge for themselves. In the meantime, Allied Control Commissions are trying to iron out the differences of opinion between the Western Allies and Russia regarding Balkan politics.

Since the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima there is little inclination even among the Russians to insist on "spheres of influence" which mean so little in an ever-shrinking world.

Before many weeks are out we may see changes in the Balkans. Mr. Bevin's restrained candour should help to bring them about.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

Fear of the sack and low wages made pre-war "liberty of choice" an illusion for many citizens

Will Controls Lead to Freedom for All?

NOW THAT A NEW GOVERNMENT is set on building the first planned society we have known in Britain, three questions stand out in the minds of most people.

Shall we be free to take or leave a job? Shall we be able to buy what we like, when we like? Shall we be able to speak our minds?

A few rather lame attempts at providing answers have been made from official sources. Now a new book, *Freedom Under Planning* (Allen and Unwin, 6s.), by Barbara Wootton, Reader in Social Studies in the University of London, a Justice of the Peace, and an expert economist, sets out to answer these and many other questions in great detail.

Let me say at once that it is an encouraging book. Barbara Wootton does not see the British workman reduced to a colourless automaton as planning develops. Instead, the very opposite is likely to be true.

Fit the first of the three questions to Mr. Johnston, a builder's labourer, a man who once cherished a dream of reaching the high places of the building world. Will Johnston be able to take or leave a job if the building industry is planned? The broad answer is yes. But it needs elaboration.

Forced into Any Job

In the first place, just how free was Mr. Johnston to take or leave a job before the war?

Between 1924 and 1938 the number of insured workers in the building industry increased from 630,000 to 1,050,000. But the proportion registered as unemployed was nearly 50 per cent. higher in 1938 than in 1924. Mr. Johnston was one of the unemployed in 1937. He had, in fact, been sacked.

Mr. Johnston had nothing whatever to do with this decision himself. The rosy dream of leaving a job when he felt like it was a farce from his point of view. The sack was an order, not free choice.

Mr. Johnston cast around for another job. He wasn't a young man and he had no special talents outside his own work. He quickly found that other jobs weren't so easily forthcoming. In the end he was penniless, in debt, and without any prospects.

Then, one day, he heard that a company of window cleaners wanted a new man in his district. Normally Johnston

Barbara Wootton is optimistic about planning

would have brushed such work aside as not the sort of job he wanted, but now, once again, he had no choice in the matter. He was *forced* by desperate circumstances to snap at the chance of cleaning windows.

The idea of being able to take or leave a job of their own free will, was an illusion for a million counterparts of Mr. Johnston. Moreover the *threat* of unemployment made the plight of Mr. Johnston always a possibility in the lives of a far greater number of people. In fact, millions of people hadn't freedom of choice after all.

In the Right Place

What will happen in the future under a planned society? The topline priority in planning to-day concerns unemployment. If the new Government succeeds in getting rid of unemployment, it will, at one stroke, remove the force which dictated Mr. Johnston's fate in the past.

At this point in her excellent book, Barbara Wootton explains one solution to the problem of getting the right number of workers in the right place. It is a commonplace that men will suffer far more inconvenience by going farther afield, or taking more difficult work, in exchange for a better weekly pay packet.

She suggests that when men are needed for new industries, and they cannot be found locally, the wage rates should be raised and made so attractive that men will willingly come in from outside. The idea has been successfully tried out in Russia. Would Mr. Johnston respond? It seems likely, at least, that he would.

The second question—Shall we be able to buy what we like under a planned society?—is more easily answered. Once again, it is very doubtful whether we ever had this freedom in its full sense.

Before the war the ordinary housewife could certainly go into a shop and buy what she liked *providing* she had the money. But if it cost more than she could afford, she could not buy it. Once again, the idea of complete freedom was an illusion.

Rough Spots Ahead

Planning offers two answers to this. First, it sets out to raise everybody's standard of living and that will widen the purchasing power of the ordinary housewife. If her husband gets better and more regular wages she can buy things which were once denied her.

Second, planning sets out to produce the things most in demand at a reasonable price. Planning can reduce costs and can bring prices for all necessities within the reach of the housewife, and that gives her greater shopping scope.

Freedom of speech can be taken for granted—subject to the laws concerning defamation, blasphemy and sedition.

However, it has always been difficult to walk in on your boss and tell him just what you think of him. But men who are sure of a job, in a country free from the menace of unemployment, may speak their minds far more freely than men did in the old, insecure world, where a tactless remark might mean the sack.

We shall need patience for all this. It is not going to happen overnight. In fact, it may take two years before we begin to see real freedom taking shape and form. In the meantime, small-scale unemployment will occur, goods will still be difficult to buy, and there will be an outsize crop of grumbles.

But the important point is that a planned society eventually offers an emphatic "yes" to the three questions posed in this article.

VINCENT BROME.

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

Dole for Spies?

ONE THING THAT is worrying me about demobilisation is what is going to happen to the spies? They are the Forgotten Army if anyone is. They have no group numbers. They probably have German identity cards, Spanish passports and Japanese birth certificates.

I suppose one day they will all be sent to special spy demob. centres. There they will be presented by a grateful Government with a set of civilian false whiskers, and a pair of shoes with hollow heels in which they can keep aspirins instead of secret documents.

IT WAS WITH these problems in mind that I recently went round to visit my old friend, Irma del Monico, the world-famous international spy, who made Mata Hari look like hari-kiri.

"Ach, mon ami, how I am delighted to see you!" she greeted me. "It is a long time, ja, nein?"

"I expect you're having a slack time now the war's over."

"It is terrible, n'est-ce pas? And I had been so busy collating all that the high soldats, matelots and aviateurs were kind enough to tell me about your wunderschön plans with the funny names like Mulberry, Pluto, Monica, Elsie, Euphrosyne, Maggie May, and the Uncle Tom Cobleigh.

"And the atom bomb, I suppose."

"Oh, la la, that was nothing, caro mio! I smuggled a cyclotron out of Germany years ago. Ah, how well I remember when I realised the power of the atom. I put a teeny speck of uranium in the cocktail of one of your dear Generals from the War Office, and, oh, mon Dieu, I had to fight for my honour. But hélas! Now I can only occupy myself with finding which shops have cigarettes under the counter."

"A business friend of mine is wanting a confidential secretary. How about taking the job?"

"A job? Ah, wonderbar, magnifique, bellissima, gracias mille fois, mein freund!"

A FEW DAYS LATER I was in my friend's office when Irma, now his secretary, came in.

"But, Miss del Monico," he said. I wanted you to write those letters. These sheets are blank."

"Write? But I have, bien entendu. Of course, I use the invisible ink. You do not want everyone to read what you say, hein?"

"You . . . And what on earth's this gibberish on the Admiralty contract?"

"Oh, that is in code. They will understand. It is correct—I have all the Admiralty code books in my desk. Now I think we all have a leetle drink, ja? You have the whisky in that locked drawer, n'est-ce pas, signor?"

"What! How do you know I've . . ."

"Ach, of course I search your desk the day I arrive."

WHEN I NEXT SAW Irma, she was looking dejected. "Your friend like me, naturellement, but he like not my work," she said. "I have le sac. But now I know what I do. I work all my time to start a trade union for spies. It will give them the dole until the next war breaks out and conditions are good again."

THERE'S PRACTICALLY NOTHING WE CAN'T DO!

Says a well-known humorist of 1945, in a belated comment on the sailing of the "Mayflower" in 1620

TO THE PILGRIM FATHERS, who sailed away on September 6, 1620, this old spot must have seemed a good old spot to sail away from.

Anyway, they sailed away, and if they hadn't done so there might very well have been no United States of America to-day. There might have been no United States troops to send over here in 1943. We might be in thicker soup than we are in at the moment.

And, speaking of soup, I've seen thinner.

It's sometimes uncanny how things work out. If this had been a land fit for Pilgrim Fathers to live in we might, just about now, be losing the war.

We grouse and grumble, but at any rate we haven't lost the war.

We're free.

We're free to stand in queues. We're free to pay ten bob in the pound income-tax. We're free to fill up form after form after form.

We're free to stand for a couple of hours to get a seat on the train. And then we're free to stand for a couple of hours on the train.

We're free to have an election when we don't want one.

We're free to say that war criminals ought to be shot.

We're even free to say it's a wangle when they're not.

We're free to go to the seaside for a holiday and perfectly free to come back home when we fail to find accommodation.

We're perfectly free to live anywhere we like if we can find somewhere.

There's practically nothing we can't do.

AND YET YOU'LL MEET GRUMBLERS. You'll meet people I can only call Pilgrim Uncles who will tell you that this is no land to live in.

I *have* met people who become almost violent if you mention fish queues and forms and travelling on trains. I have met people who foam at the mouth if you talk about war criminals and the election.

Some people there are, though, who will always grumble, whatever is done for them.

Well, they know what to do. They can do as the Pilgrim Fathers did 325 years ago. They can clear out and start a new place and prove all over again that it's uncanny how things work out.

IN A.D. 2270 SAY, when they've grown really big, and the old spot is in the scup again, they can come back and help to save us from defeat, as the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers have done just now.

They can help us retain our freedom.

Our freedom to stand in queues and stand on air-liners and have an election when we don't want one and go to Mars for a week-end and come back home when we fail to find accommodation.

And all the rest of it.
In A.D. 2270.
Amazing little world.
Fourpence for it?

WILL SCOTT.

Free Speech

FOREMEN—BULLIES WHO SHOULD BE SACKED

Enterprise solves a housing problem. Soldier appreciates civilian hardships. Red-tape robs children of good homes. Shackled Civil Servants. Books in memoriam. Should women be bosses? R.A.F. has last laugh

IF WORKING-MEN OF ALL TYPES were asked what improvement in conditions they most want, I believe they would all plump for destroying the power of the foreman, ganger and charge-hand. Unscrupulous foremen have caused untold misery. The decent man uses his power without it being noticed. The bully gloats in his power over the men.

A lot of gangers on navvying jobs used to sort out the new men. Those who looked weak would be put on the hardest ground to be excavated. The ganger's cronies were always given the easiest jobs. You could become a crony by toadying to the ganger. Any man who answered back was sent to the office for his cards.

If I were a manager I would sack any foreman who went drinking with employees. More reputations have been smashed in pubs, more soft jobs allocated, and more wangling done, than in any other place when a foreman or ganger gathers with his drinking pals. No matter what his cronies do, their jobs are safe. They are given overtime work while others are shut out.

Very often a man who has a "do" with the foreman or charge-hand is victimised later. At one place where I was the ganger sold gambling tickets at a big rake-off for himself. Some men refused to buy. When the time came to lay off a number of men, every one of those who had refused was sacked.

Toadies can be found in almost any job. The decent foreman won't play their game. The unscrupulous foreman should be *prevented* from playing it to the detriment of the men who want to do honest work for honest pay and don't expect to seek advantages over their fellow-workers. I am giving my name and address, but don't publish it—foremen read this page, too.—WORKER, Sheffield.

Modern Morals

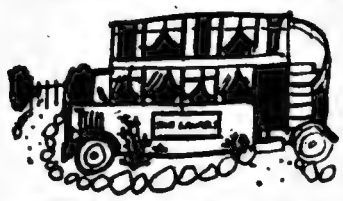
GREAT BRITAIN is said to have gone to war to suppress lawlessness. Yesterday a businessman walked into his office, held out a metal plate and asked people to guess what it was.

"Gold," he announced triumphantly. "It's a communion plate from an Italian monastery—should make a nice ashtray."—D. H., Midlands (address enclosed).

At the Depot

THOUGH I HARDLY THINK I am covered by any of the suggestions made by the Morris committee to stop profiteering in houses, I'd like to say what sound common-sense it all sounded.

I dodged the profiteers by buying an old bus—price £75, less engine—and have made it into a perfectly adequate



"... perfectly adequate temporary home."

temporary home in the middle of a nice garden. Please don't give my location or my flower beds will be trampled down by sightseers.—P. B. B., Devon.

Thoughts on England

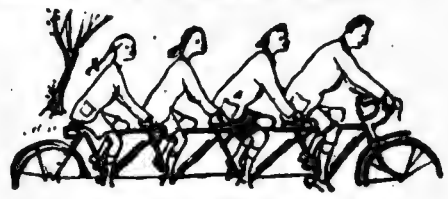
THOUGHTS ON REACHING PEACE-TIME England after over four years with the Army in many lands. . . .

Bus-drivers, shopkeepers, the assistants in the Post Offices have lost their desire to please. Overwork has left them little time for courtesies. Women are more independent. They are smoking too heavily. Girls I knew and respected have fallen for foreigners. London, and the other towns I've seen, need a coat of paint.

But the returning soldier has sympathetic admiration as well as criticism. It is obvious that what the civilians are really suffering from is all work and no play. In uniform there are always the good times as well as the bad. As a soldier you don't queue for hours before you get a meal and you don't have to worry about rations, clothing coupons or the rent.—EDGAR ERUCE, 6, Manor Way, Purley, Surrey.

Bicycle Made for Four

AT THE RISK OF STARTING a new inland Loch Ness monster scare, my wife, myself and two children spent a good holiday on a four-seater bicycle. The



"... fine family runabout."

machine was built for the enjoyment of Cambridge undergraduates, but it has made a fine family runabout. Would-be imitators should note that the handlebars should always be in the hands of the master of the house.—JOSEPH SHARP, Chelsea, S.W.10.

Life Off the Ocean Wave

YOUR ARTICLE ON the overcrowded conditions in naval barracks (JOHN BULL, September 1) was only too true. After months abroad, my ship recently paid off in England, and I was sent to Chatham barracks.

By 9 p.m. even the bunks in the air raid shelters were all full. For the first two weeks I had to sleep where I could—on floors, on tables, more than once on some stairs. Then I was lucky enough to be given a job in a mess, and that meant that I and a dozen or more others were able to sling our hammocks in the empty dining-hall at night. Sleeping in a dining-hall is, of course, strictly forbidden, but do you think we worried? Thank heaven I'm out of barracks now. —"A.B.," H.M.S. ——, c/o G.P.O., London (address enclosed).

Home but No Offers

WHY IS THERE NO workable scheme for adopting young children who are unwanted by their parents? We had an evacuee from London, but she has now gone home, and we have been trying for six months to adopt a little girl from four to seven years old. We have written to various bodies, who all say they can do nothing for us.

My wife and I love children and would see that a little girl who came to us had good food, clothes and education. It is heartrending to read of cases of cruelty to little children when there is an empty place in our home.—H. FORREST, Wyn-Moor, Harecroft Road, Otley, Yorks.

His New World

WHAT IS THE WORLD coming to? I have been in the R.A.F. for four and a half years and I expect to be out for good in four months' time. My wife has just sent me a letter telling me that she has fallen in love with an American soldier. She has left home and has handed over our two children—one five and the other four—to another woman until I come home.

I am very pleased to have the children, but how can a man manage without a woman in the house? I am thirty-seven and have been married seven years. I have never had a cross word with my wife. I could never imagine a woman could do such a thing. Well, that's my lot.—J. F., B.A.O.R. (address enclosed).

"Whitchall's Too Full"

FEW PEOPLE KNOW that the Civil Service is being retained at its expanded war-time size by an Order introduced just before Victory. This forbids Civil Servants to leave except with the permission of the head of the department.

The prestige of a head, and the very existence of his department, depend largely on the number of staff under him, so it can be realised that permission is rarely given.

Thousands of Civil Servants, most of whom are tired of doing very little in their over-staffed departments, want to leave. Many have been offered important jobs, often by their old firms, and they want to help in the reconstruction of Britain instead of wasting time in over-staffed departments. Men and women in the Services at least know when they are likely to get back to "Civvy Street." The future of the unwilling Civil Servant is shrouded in mystery. I enclose my card.—CIVIL SERVANT, N.W.6.

Book Token

IF WE TOOK OVER an American idea, some of the florists who have been making their fortunes in war time would soon be out of business. Instead of sending wreaths to bereaved relatives, friends have bought a favourite book of a man or woman who has died, written a memorial inscription on the fly-leaf, and presented it to the local library. To me that seems a better way of perpetuating a friend's memory than by lining the pockets of unscrupulous tradesmen who have taken advantage of scarcity.—FRED HAYES, 5, Wellgate Mount, Rotherham, Yorkshire.

Masterful Mistresses

WHY IS IT THAT WOMEN nearly always lose their heads with conceit and treat their staffs like door-mats when they get into positions of authority?

"... and this is Alphonse, our head cook and bottle-washer."

"... I feel ... st like a mouse."

I have had men bosses for years and have got on well. Now there are two women above me, and they're on to me all day. I feel just like a mouse with two cats waiting to pounce on me.—F. M., Gateshead, Co. Durham.

Column-Dodgers are Cross

MEN PREVIOUSLY RELEASED from the R.A.F. are now pouring back again after three or four years in the factories. I have never seen such a disgruntled lot. They all think they have had a raw deal.

They were told they were being released temporarily, but they thought they had dodged the column for keeps. They were the ones who used to say, during the weary months before D-Day, "What, home again? You lucky devils, what a grand time you have." They ought to be looking forward to a spot of the "grand life" themselves now.—F/LT. E. T. (address enclosed).

Thank You, Readers

PLEASE WILL YOU thank all the readers who wrote to me after seeing my letter explaining my plight as an unpensionable ex-Serviceman. (JOHN BULL, August 4.) I cannot write to them all myself as I cannot afford the postage. Everyone wanted to help.

I would like especially to thank "Bobby," of Rochdale, Lancashire, who sent me 10s. anonymously. It helped me to get a few little things. Also, could you explain to the ex-Serviceman who offered me a partnership in his log-sawing business that my doctor said that if I took it on I should only have let him down, and I wouldn't want to do that.—R. J. YAXLEY, 330, Gosling Way, Brixton, S.W.9.

Minute for Marriage

SOJ J., OF DUNDEE, has never yet heard of a bride who failed to be at the church at the right time (JOHN BULL, August 11)? My wedding—in 1923—was arranged for 2 p.m. Then, the latest time for marriages was 3 p.m., and I did not arrive till 2.59. The wheel of my taxi had come off. Imagine me, all dressed up, waiting while the man put it on.—MRS. J. W. ROBSON, 3, Coronation Road, Wingate, Co. Durham.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

JOHN BULL Short Story

by

LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

ILLUSTRATED BY HOLLAND

This is a Canadian story set far away from the battle-scarred fields of Europe and Asia, but war was on between Joel Gibson and Doc Simmonds' gentle widow

ENEMY on the HILL

There was Joel Gibson cursing a broken arm and charging Llew Holden with the blame for the accident

MUCH WATER HAS PASSED under the bridge since, and many strange things happened in the world, but give me a day of thaw in winter or one of those hot spells in summer when the sky shuts down on you like a steel dome, and I'll remember it all again.

I'd gone up to Doc Simmonds' that afternoon. Lorna Simmonds let me in, and I saw right off she'd been crying. Like a young fool I said: "Is anything wrong, Mrs. Simmonds?" and she said oh, no there wasn't—the way people do who are put questions that shouldn't be asked. I said: "Could I see the doctor?" and she said would I come in and wait; the doctor was busy.

The winter dusk was then closing in, and I could hear the drip of the snow melting, a queer, disturbing sound, as I remember. I kept thinking about all the things I'd heard older people say about her. I thought, too, how young and awfully pretty she was, and wondered how she'd come to marry a man more than twice her age.

Others came in and waited, too. Doc Simmonds' practice had grown so heavy he'd had an assistant these past eight months—a young doctor named Llew Holden, just through an internship in the city. We all liked Llew.

Jim Hallam, I remember, sat next to me. He'd hurt his hand on a saw and was in to get it dressed. One of Joel Gibson's men.

"It's a wonder the doc will fix me up at all," he grinned.

I knew what he meant. Doc Simmonds was health officer, and he disapproved of them cutting ice on the East Branch; he and Joel Gibson had had high words, and the Doc was threatening official action.

Joel was one of those men who live to themselves and grow bitter. His house up on Gibson's Hill above the ravine was one his father owned, but Joel had let it run down, closed most of the rooms, and installed a Mrs. Munday as housekeeper. The sight of her used to frighten us boys. The whole place had a haunted look, especially after dark.

WHILE I WAS TALKING to Jim Hallam there was a squeal of brakes outside, and Llew Holden came in, went into his own part of the surgery without a word to us, then came out and said curtly: "Who's first?" and I went in. I remembered after how tight-lipped and different he was, and to make conversation I remarked how the practice had grown since he came to us.

"Then it'll have to fall off again," he said. He meant he was quitting.

I can still recall the savage scratch of his pen as he scrawled a prescription for me; then the door opened and Doc Simmonds put his head in. "Can you handle the test?" he asked. "There's something I want to see about. Lorna's going out in the car and she can drop me on the way." Llew said he could manage. I was outside when they drove by.

I didn't know then that I should never again see Doc Simmonds alive.

Indeed, the next time I saw Lorna Simmonds she and Dr. Llew Holden were sitting there tensely with everybody watching them—as if they were on trial. That was at the inquest.

There was the gangling, not overbright, youth who found the body.

THERE WAS THE mill foreman to confirm the taking of the body from the water. There was Lorna Simmonds . . . out of her testimony words leap at me.

"Mrs. Simmonds, you insist that your late husband received some word which angered or upset him on the afternoon of his disappearance?"

"Yes. A letter."

"From whom?"

"I think ——"

"Please confine yourself to what you know, Mrs. Simmonds."

"But I'm sure it was from Mr. Gibson Joel Gibson."

"You saw this letter?"

"I saw him put it in his pocket. I heard him say he must get this East Branch ice matter settled once for all. When he came along in the car with me I assumed that was where he was going. I knew they were cutting ice there.

"I'd seen the men coming and going, and lights there at night, down near the Prescott Road. That's where he told me to let him out. I was going on over to see Mrs. Prescott at the farm, and he said I could pick him up as I came back if he was there; if not, to go right home."

"When you came back he wasn't there?"

"No. So I went on home as he'd said I should."

"Did you notice if they were still cutting ice?"

"I—I didn't notice."

"It was dark then?"

"Yes."

"Were there lights when you went by previously?"

"I don't know."

"Isn't that—rather odd?"

"I was—well, something had come up that worried me. I'm afraid I didn't think of anything else."

"Would you tell us what was on your mind, Mrs. Simmonds?"

She said, in a low voice: "I'd rather—rather not."

I remember Joel Gibson followed her. I can see him standing there grim and uncompromising; I can see the malice in his eyes when he looked at Lorna Simmonds.

Sure, Joel said, he knew Doc Simmonds well. Maybe too well. They'd had words over the cutting of ice in the East Branch."

"You were cutting ice there at the East Branch on the day of Dr. Simmonds disappearance?"

"Yes, sir. But about dusk I let my men go, owing to the thaw."

"After your men were dismissed you were there alone?"

"Yes, I was."

"Why?"

"Carburettor trouble."

"You saw nothing of Dr. Simmonds?"

"Nothing."

"Mr. Gibson, Mrs. Simmonds believes you wrote a letter to her husband which he received that day and which angered him."

"That is not so."

"You wrote no letter."

"No. I say it's a lie and she can't produce such a letter."

"You insist you saw nothing of the deceased."

"Nothing, but I did hear a—well, sort of a cry."

"Where from?"

"Maybe less'n a quarter of a mile off."

"Up or downstream?"

"Down."

"Is there open water about there?"

"Yes. We cut there a while back and it hasn't frozen over yet."

"Did you do anything about it?"

"I turned the truck lights that way, but I saw nothing. So I figured I was just imagining things."

"Did you connect this when you heard about Dr. Simmonds' body being found in the rapids?"

"Well, I'm not dumb. Sure, I knew then he'd either been pushed in or—or made up his mind to it."

"You suggest he might have made away with himself?"

"It wouldn't surprise me if he just walked out on things. Doc, he had more on his mind than just my ice."

The jury brought in an open verdict.

If Dr. Llew Holden had any ideas of leaving, he couldn't now. He had to face this out. There were people who needed his services badly now Doc Simmonds was dead. And there was Lorna.

The doctor would sometimes take her with him on his rounds. His practice was heavy and he drove like mad—his maroon car a streak against the blossoming countryside. It was early summer when he met Joel Gibson, and with luck had only a fender taken off.

"Being a doctor don't give you a right to be a drivin' fool," Joel said.

Llew paid for fixing up the side of Joel's truck, and for his own fender and let it go at that. But Lorna had been with him, and it was all over the village that night how Llew had his fender taken off because he was paying more attention to the girl than to the wheel.

Somehow it revived all the old controversy about Doc Simmonds' death. Tongues wagged again.

But first something happened—something important to Lorna Simmonds and Llew Holden.

It was one of those summer days when the paths literally drop fatness: a lush, ripe beauty everywhere, and quiet haze over fields and village and river. Lorna had almost a botanist's enthusiasm for flowers, and she had left the car to trace some rare blossom, and found herself in a small green wood. The light that filtered down spattered the ground with green-gold coins. And, quite suddenly, she gave way to tears.

It was only a small sound in that quiet wood, but he heard it and came, and in a moment she was in his arms and words were spoken—and some unspoken—that knit their lives as one. Then, breathless with this, they drove on up to the remote Crawford farm where, in a cottage on a barren hillside a sixth baby was about to be born.

They topped the ridge of Gibson's Hill and saw the bleak house and the unsightly ice-houses behind. There was a face at the window, watching. It was Mrs. Munday.

"People are going to talk more than ever," Lorna said.

Down near the bridge at the bottom of the hill where one turned sharply to cross the ravine they met Joel Gibson. He was back from delivering ice to the village.

I don't know what possessed Lorna Simmonds that night: the sight of Joel

Gibson's malicious half-glance, the new crop of rumours, or the subtle antagonism which can run, unspoken, between two women. It was outside the post office they met in the stifling dusk with moths fluttering about the electric bulb above their heads.

Mrs. Munday was hovering in the background. Lorna Simmonds spoke:

"Does it never worry you that you murdered my husband? Does it never haunt you, Mr. Gibson?"

Joel stared at her. She spoke it in a clear, cool voice that must have staggered him. He tried to speak, but instead brushed past her and vanished into the darkness, and Mrs. Munday followed.

I have often wondered if then, or later, the plan grew in Joel's mind.

It has always seemed to me that there was a classic inevitability about Joel Gibson's choice of a weapon; not merely the truck that drew that heavy load of East Branch ice, but the ice itself.

THEY SET OUT quite gaily that morning, Lorna Simmonds and Dr. Llew Holden. Joel Gibson's timing was perfect. That, of course, was necessary. He would come upon them at the turn by the bridge and force their light car through the shaky railings to certain death in the creek-bed below. No man, knowing the reckless driving of the young doctor, could doubt it was an accident.

Thus, murderously, Joel swung down the hill with his heavy load of ice, took the corner with perfect timing—and the tail of his truck slewed. His load shifted as he took the corner, and the truck, swaying, got out of control. He hadn't packed the ice too well; he had other things on his mind that day.

He saw the maroon car, heard the girl scream, felt the impact of truck and car, and jumped for his life before the truck itself plunged into the ravine.

I can remember how the news reached us in the village, and everybody who could went out to the scene.

I elbowed through the crowd and there was the doctor's car with the hood crumpled by a glancing blow, there was the giant hole in the railings where Joel Gibson's truck had plunged to crash and scatter its load of ice in the ravine. There were the doctor and Lorna, shaken but alive. There was Joel Gibson cursing a broken arm and charging Llew Holden with the blame for the accident.

I GUESS, EVEN TO ME then, it seemed like anti-climax. But, of course, that wasn't the end. They took Joel to the hospital and fixed him up, but he sat out by afternoon, his arm in a sling and his face dark and thwarted.

I remember that well, because I was down in the ravine when he came clambering down to shout at the kids who were having the time of their lives chipping away at his blocks of ice, and fooling about his wrecked truck.

I can still remember, and will till I die, how I picked up a chunk and looked at it and a prickle ran down my spine. Holding it first in one hand and then in the other until both were chilled, I ran with it, cutting across the fields until I came to the surgery. I rang the bell and Lorna Simmonds came.

She looked at what I had, and her face went white and queer, and at her call Llew Holden came running.

I gave the dripping thing to him; even now the ice wasn't finally melted, but through it you could see the date written, and it was the date of Doc Simmonds' death. I knew when I saw it that Joel Gibson had sealed his own doom when he drove that load of East Branch ice murderously down the road.

I knew that he had lied when he said he hadn't seen Doc Simmonds that fatal afternoon in the dusk. Staring at us through the melting ice, in Joel Gibson's handwriting, was the threatening letter to Doc Simmonds which he swore he had never written, crumpled up and dropped on the ice on that night of thaw and ice hard into a block of East Branch ice.

From football, while Clubs and the Exchequer benefit, players get

More Kicks Than Ha'pence

THE "BIG BUSINESS" OF FOOTBALL will be in full swing again this winter. Clubs will be taking huge sums in gate money, paying large amounts in taxes to the National Exchequer, and, in some cases, paying up to 7½ per cent. dividends to shareholders.

But what of the players?

They are professionals. Football is their living. But do you know how much the rank and file of them earn? Do you know what they do during the summer? Do you remember how, before the war, players were "sold" by one club to another? It wasn't called selling slaves. They called the sale a "transfer." It sounded better that way.

Players' Claims

Besides a player always got £10 out of it. His club, of course, got anything up to £10,000, perhaps more. But that was all part of the game.

They have started the market in footballers again already. Peter Doherty, forward of Manchester City, is the man of human flesh disposed of, and £10,000 is mentioned as a likely price.

There are, roughly, about 2,600 professionals employed by the eighty-eight clubs. Recently the professionals held a lively meeting in Manchester. They decided they wouldn't strike just yet, but would wait to see the result of their Committee's talk with the Football League.

Claims put forward by the players' representatives ask for contracts for twelve months with no reduction of wage during summer, safeguards in case of injury, and the war period to count as full-time service for benefits.

For three hours the Union debated hotly as to whether they should refuse to play on the opening day of the season. One player said that after travelling twelve hours to play in a match during the war, all he got was 5s.

Another quoted the poor wages paid during the summer before the war. He said, "Have you ever tried to keep a wife and kiddies on £2 a week? That was what I was reduced to before the war."

Another speaker said, "We need money from the football pools which players like you and me helped to create. The pools have offered the money, and we should see that we get it—the players, that is, not the club."

New Outlook

Other players protested that clubs for whom they had appeared as guest players for five or six years had wanted to give them benefits, but that the football authorities had refused permission.

No wonder these players, now coming back to football from the Services or civilian war jobs, where they have been getting regular money all the year round, are anxious about the future.

Before the war boys of seventeen, lured into the game by the glamour of becoming national heroes, might get as little as 30s. a week. Three pounds would be a good average, and £8 the maximum for the few at the top.

During the summer some players got as little as 30s. a week. All had to live on greatly reduced money. If they were put on the transfer list at the end of the season they got nothing at all until a new club signed them up again. Every year their union has to make grants to footballers in financial difficulties.

At the same time, players are often expected not to take any other job. They must give their best to the game. Most clubs used to object if a player got even a part-time job to help him out. That meant they would have no trade when their football career came to an end. And few players last beyond thirty. According to the rules they *may* have a benefit every five years. But only 10 per cent. of the players ever get it. It must not exceed £650, and income tax is deducted.

Peter Doherty, of Manchester City (left), may be "sold" for £10,000. As a transfer prospect, Alf Kirchen, late Arsenal (right), was worth £15,000. Out of the game for life, he received £300 as compensation for injury

If they get injured while playing there are no regular benefits for them to claim as a right. They may get something from their own club or from the League. But it has the flavour of charity and the men resent it.

In a Fighting Mood

Here is a case. A man had played for Oldham Athletic for eleven years. In 1943 he had a war-time job with A. V. Roe and Co., of Manchester, and played with the firm's team at Chester. During the match he was hurt. The injury entailed three operations. He was out of work until June, 1945, and had a wife and child and a home to keep going.

All he got was 30s. a week until he was able to work, two grants from the club of £10, and one grant from the League of £10. He wrote bitterly to the union, "I have never had a benefit with Oldham Athletic."

Alf Kirchen, famous outside-right for Arsenal, was injured while playing during the war. He will never play again. In full compensation the League offered him £200. He refused this but finally accepted £300. Yet before the war his club would have asked a transfer fee of about £15,000 for him.

Players in the Forces are continually writing to the secretary of the union asking what is going to happen to them.

Here is a sample: "I am expecting to be demobbed in about four months after six years of war. I have developed chronic bronchitis while in the Army and realise that my life as a player is finished. Have you any idea how I stand? My clubs were Bristol Rovers, Preston, Swindon and Wrexham. I have no trade or prospects of suitable employment, and have a wife and two children."

A man who used to play for Doncaster, and played in matches for the Jubilee Fund, the Red Cross, and for Army and R.A.F. Benevolent Funds, was disabled in 1944 during a match between Fulham and Brentford. He broke his leg and his knee is still stiff. He writes: "Through my accident I lost £50 earnings as a footballer last year. I have now lost all chances of a benefit with Doncaster. My knee will be a handicap to me if I have to go back to work in the building trade. I have a wife and three children to keep. But for my injury I should have been fit enough for another five years' football."

These are the sort of men who are determined to fight for better conditions and greater security for footballers.

Besides an all-the-year-round contract they want a sort of endowment policy for players, to be paid by clubs and players jointly, so that on retirement they will have a nest-egg. After ten years' play the sum suggested is about £2,000. They want proper compensation for injuries sustained while playing. They also want a system of vocational training so that, while still playing, they can train for a job when they leave the game.

The excuse offered for niggardly treatment is that clubs cannot afford more, and that most clubs are run at a loss.

James Fay, secretary of the Players' Union, who was a professional footballer himself for several years, denies this. He says: "Nearly all the First Division clubs, and a number of the Second Division, are rich clubs, and a number of the Third Division (Southern Section) can and do pay fairly good wages. Those in the Third Division (Northern Section) are considered to be the poorer clubs. But they are part of the system, and there should be sufficient money in the game to enable them to pay a decent living wage, and something for the players to look forward to at the end of their playing days."

Pool Problems

The Football Association is not responsible for the wages paid to professionals. But it registers players with their clubs, gets details of the weekly payments proposed, and if, in the opinion of the Association, the offer does not constitute a reasonable wage throughout the season, the application of the club to retain the player may be refused.

According to the present rules, however, no player may benefit from any football pool, so that, before the union's request on that point could be granted, it would be necessary to alter the rules. Also, the sub-committee of the Football Association, appointed to report on pools in 1944, recommended that the F.A. should suggest to the Government that pools be prohibited.

As regards the vocational training of players, the F.A. recognises that something must be done, and now has a scheme whereby clubs can make arrangements for players to get specialised training for most occupations. Further, they have started an employment bureau, placing retiring players into suitable employment, especially such jobs as physical training instructors, leaders of youth clubs, coaches and trainers.

DAPHNE CLARE.

Ex-Soldier's Bull's-Eye

DISCHARGED from the Army, disabled, L.M.S. worker S. Plumley went back to his favourite hobby, *Bullets*, soon after VE Day. Then he celebrated VJ Day by bringing to his home at 3, Lewthwaite Court, Princess Street, Carlisle, the First Prize in *Bullets* 1,489.

A £100 cheque rewarded his winning words: Baby's Life—"Insure" With "*Improved* Society." But you can capture as much as £300 Cash and a Luxury Radio with your coupon below.

"BULLETS" 1st PRIZE STILL BIGGER!

£300 CASH PLUS £25 RADIO

£20 plus PEN - £10 plus PEN

3 of £8, 3 of £6, 3 of £4

25 of £1, 200 of 2s. 6d.

1,500 MERIT AWARDS

☞ Remember to enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with entry, to receive *Bulletin* dated Sept. 29 with details of £50 FREE OFFER FOR "BULLETIN" READERS.

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

PEACE ON EARTH
THANKS TO THE FORCES
TO-MORROW'S ROAD
DEMOBILISATION MACHINE
POWER OF THE ATOM
PARLIAMENT'S JOB
THE NEXT STEP
GOODBYE, DOUGHBOYS
DOUBTS AND FEARS
COMING HOME
TOO CLEVER
CLEAR THE DECKS AND
MIRACULOUS ESCAPE
WITHOUT COUPONS
TICKLED GRANDPA
IN A TWINKLING
HELD UP
WHAT THE GROCER SAID
WITH A SNORT
SONNY'S GOT BRAINS, SO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

DAWN OF.....
NOW WE'VE A .....
TO MAKE.....
NURSING THE.....
TOO MUCH TO.....
WHAT ..... STANDS FOR

Result 1,491 — First Prize £100 and Seaside Holiday

A. SAUNDERS, 60, WISE RD., LONDON, E.15

HEALTHY SIGN

"YOUNGSTERS" IN THE "HOUSE"

£25 : E. W. Hinder, 2, New Town Street, Canterbury, Kent.

Makes A Man Forget—What's His, "What's Yours?"

£15 : J. Bielby, 66, Victoria Rd., Thornaby-on-Tees, Stockton-on-Tees.

My Problem—Once, Pockets—Now, Suit!

3 of £8 :

Mrs. M. Chatfield, 93, Valley View Road, Rochester.

Our Joint—"Stewsway" In Gravy "Beat"!

R. Talbot, 49, Grosvenor Terrace, Camberwell, S.E.5.

Like A Shot—Promotion—"Aiming" Took Years.

Mrs. E. B. Varley, 8, Lentilfield Grove, Lee Mount, Halifax.

What Labour Wants—And Offers, Fair Chance.

3 of £8 :

Miss E. R. Griggs, 20, Commonfield Road, Banstead, Surrey.

Leading The Choir—"Chasing" The Organist, Auntie!

C. M. Seamins, 48, Bush Hill Road, Winchmore Hill, N.21.

Things Have Changed And Conservatives Haven't—Hence Change!

Mrs. M. Slater, Crossgates House, Dalton-in-Furness, Lancs.

Now He's In Civvies—"Charges" Are Frightening Him.

3 of £4 :

J. Garner, 12, Brook Street, Cardiff.

In Japan To-day—"Any Gum, Honourable Chum?"

R. F. Sims, 55, Tynemouth Road, South Tottenham, N.15.

Leading The Regiment—Goat—Till Wind Changed!

Miss Wareham, 280, Mill Street, Liverpool.

Makes A Man Smile—Then Fetches Her Husband!

A list of 25 winners of £2 and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,509 Merit Awards have been posted. Additional £25 Bonus, as offered, shared by 23 winners of £2 and over.

CHEQUES & PENS WON—XWORD 443.

WINNING WORDS—1. Police. 2. Mac. 3. Lamp. 4. Clime. 5. Boats. 6. Wind. 7. Jug. 8. Mop. 9. Clue cancelled owing to misprint. 10. Drill. 11. Strut. 12. Wage. 13. Colt. 14. Spars.

£10 SHARERS : J. J. Maguire, 31, Castlewood Avenue, Rathmines, Dublin ; Miss M. B. Murray, St. Anthonys, West Runton, Cromer ; C. F. Sweasey, 41, Leith Avenue, Portchester, Hants. Each in addition receives Fountain Pen as offered.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 64 entrants.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—An entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Sept. 29, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1,495, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed.....

Address .....

.....

2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 'Bullets' you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon size.

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,495

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, SEPT. 17.

For £50 "BULLETIN" (SEPT. 29), ENCLOSE 2½d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENV.

write to JOHN BULL about it

Your Town Council—Facts You Should Know

Sorting out the "cousin" tangle. Practical teachers for subjects. Income tax adviser. Tuberculin tested milk

"WE ARE ALWAYS being told that we ought to take a more intelligent interest in local government, and I have felt several times that I should like to take an active part in it. How does one become a member of a local council? Why cannot voters go to hear the council when it is in session? Can you explain why people generally know so little about their own local authority?"

You can stand as a candidate for your local council provided your name is in the register of electors and you can find ten other electors to back your candidature—one to propose you, one to second, and eight to support. There are various technicalities about preparing and submitting the nomination form, and it would be wise to get the advice of the clerk to the local council for which you want to stand.

You can find out about the doings of your local council by reading local papers, which usually report council meetings, or by reading the minutes, which are always available to electors at council offices, and usually in public libraries.

Although the ordinary citizen has no statutory right to attend a council meeting, most councils do provide special seats for the public who may attend except when the council goes into committee. If your council hasn't got a public gallery, why not write to the local paper, urging that it should? Local papers provide the best means of bringing pressure to bear on local authorities.

Popular ignorance of local government is largely a result of lack of interest. A good deal is being done now to create more interest—essential if democratic local government is to be efficient. Many useful suggestions for increasing interest are made in a report. "The Relations between Local Government and the Community" published at 6d. by the National Association of Local Government Officers, 24, Abingdon Street, London, S.W.1.

"I WAS INTERESTED in your explanation of the real meaning of "Esquire" after a man's name. Perhaps you can explain another matter which puzzles a good many of us.

"Is there any difference between a first cousin once removed and a second cousin? And what is the meaning of cousin-german? If you can make this clear you will settle arguments which have been going on in our family for years."

A first cousin is the son or daughter of an uncle or aunt. Cousin-german means the same thing.

A first cousin once removed is the son or daughter of a cousin.

A second cousin is the son or daughter of a parent's cousin.

Years ago the term "cousin" was often used loosely for any remote kinsman. It was used, for example, by one sovereign to another.

"THERE IS TO BE FAR more technical education in future and yet there is a shortage of instructors. Why doesn't the Government make use of practical workers in such trades as woodwork, metal work, electrical engineering, and so on. There are plenty of us who would enjoy teaching—and at least we know what we are talking about!—but we are barred because we have not been trained as teachers."

Unfortunately, the practical man does not always know how to impart his knowledge to other people. He needs to study the technique of teaching and handling pupils.

Ex-Servicemen who would like to take up teaching technical subjects can have a year's free training at an emergency college. If they are already fully experienced in the subject they need only take a six months' course. They are eligible for maintenance during training.

"CAN YOU TELL ME of any way in which I can make sure that my son will get a secondary education? He will be ten years old next March."

Under the new Education Act of 1944, every child will automatically receive a secondary school education from the age of eleven or twelve.

I imagine, however, that you are thinking of secondary education in the old sense—a grammar school education which fits a boy for professional life. He will get this kind of education if he has the type of ability to profit by it. Otherwise he may get secondary education at a technical or a "modern" school.

The determining factor is the boy's ability, and not (as in the past) the parents' ability to pay.

The country can no longer afford to neglect the boy with brains—or skill of another kind—in the interests of social prestige. The whole idea of the new Act is to free education from the caste system.

Employment Release

S. C., Fareham: Your wife cannot obtain permission to leave her employment at present, but she will be able to claim release to join you on your demobilisation. She must apply for the necessary permission to the National Service Officer at the local employment exchange a few weeks before you are due to be released.

D. C., Dundee: In order to act professionally in assisting other people to complete income tax returns a very thorough knowledge of income tax law and practice is necessary. It is not easy to obtain this from text-books alone. Experience in a professional accountant's office is generally the best training.

There are a large number of text-books, but, in view of the frequent changes in law brought about by the annual Finance Act, and by High Court judgments, we would advise you as a first step to buy a publication such as Tolley's *Chart Manual* (Waterlow and Sons), which gives a good outline of the whole subject and is arranged to facilitate the preparation of income tax returns.

M. C., Dewsbury: If you want to have Tuberculin Tested milk for your family you should first ask your present retailer whether he can obtain this quality of milk for you. If he can do so, a change of retailer is, of course, unnecessary. If, however, he is temporarily unable to obtain supplies, you should report the matter to the local Food Office, who will make every endeavour to obtain a supply for the retailer.

T.T. milk is, however, in short supply at the present time, and difficulty may be experienced in finding a convenient source of supply. No change of retailer can be allowed while arrangements are being made for the retailer to obtain supplies.

Should the retailer refuse to supply you with T.T. milk, you should notify the local Food Office, when allowing a change of retailer will be considered.

DOUBLED XWORD CASH £100

£100 FIRST PRIZE. Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Streams of August visitors meant many resorts were this—FLOO□ED. 2. Failure of seeds may perhaps depend on what this you use—SO□T. 3. Mere recital of essential facts of case must often be—B□RE. 4. Can bring back to us the days of our own youth—SON□. 5. Brains can be seen in this—SK□LL. 6. Hard, unyielding one can give you a bad night—COU□H. 7. It can be too cold for this—SLEE□. 8. Keeper of old curiosity shop probably knows where to look for—MA□KS. 9. Many gardeners find big one difficult to cope with—B□D. 10. Props are generally used for making this—STIL□. 11. Makes postman's work more difficult—□OG. 12. Undue pressure now and again creates such a movement—WI□D. 13. Heavy one means progress is necessarily slower—TRAI□. 14. You're apt to be suspicious of one made by old lag—CHA□GE.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated Sept. 29 with £50 FREE OFFER, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing Postmark—**MONDAY, Sept. 17.**

ADDRESS ENTRY : Xword 447, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Xword No. 443 Result below "Bullets" Winners.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

From the huge productive resources of C.W.S. garment factories there pours forth millions of military garments for our fighting forces . . . combination overalls for the Fleet Air Arm, and shirts of every description for all the fighting services. No organisation could have been more appropriately chosen for the gigantic task of equipping the people's army in wartime.

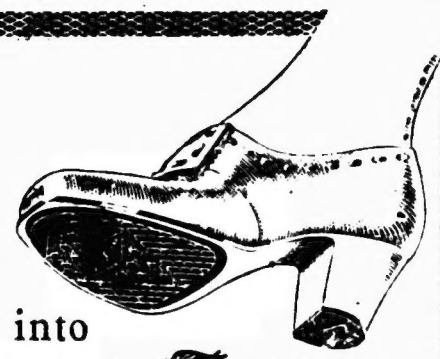
In war, as in peace, the Co-operative Wholesale Society produces the needs of the Nation and of the people.

Issued by the

CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LIMITED

CHADE PRICES INCLUDING TAX	
LONG EDGE (slotted—fits 3-peg razors)	2d
SLOTTED DE LUXE	2½d
THIN DE LUXE (3-HOLE)	2½d
STAINLESS (3-HOLE)	3¼d

Longer wear and greater comfort are built into



GOODYEAR

SOLES & HEELS

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS **GOODYEAR TYRE**

They spent their 2 weeks' holiday

IN THE STRATOSPHERE

Mr. and Mrs. Future wanted to "see the world" on their annual holiday—to see it from a new angle. So they spent 2 weeks, cruising 10 miles up, in the sun-cabin of an ELECTRONICALLY CONTROLLED stratosphere liner.

"Fantastic", did you say? Well—maybe. But we of Mullard, who have carried on research in the limitless field of Electronics, think nothing may be impossible in the homes, in the offices and in the industries of tomorrow.

ELECTRONICS IN INDUSTRY TO-DAY

Measurement of razor blades by an ELECTRONIC GAUGE enables manufacturers to check the cutting edge of each blade automatically, to make sure it is of the required keenness.

Valves have solved many industrial problems. If you need advice think of Mullard.

MULLARD

THE DOMINANT NAME IN ELECTRONICS

Radio Valves and other Electron Tubes

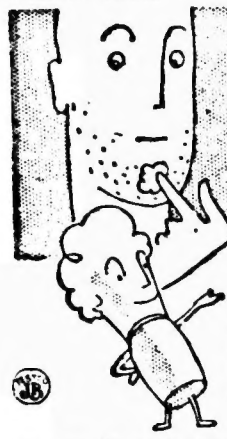
MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO., LTD., CENTURY HSE., SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.C.2 (1980)

CHAFING

Sores caused by chafing napkins are soon healed by Cuticura Ointment. Stops itching and irritation and assures undisturbed sleep. Antiseptic Cuticura cannot harm baby's tender skin. One of the famous trio—Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder.

At Chemists & Stores 263

Cuticura OINTMENT



Make it easy—have a

MACLEAN SHAVE

1 *Wet the beard thoroughly.* **2** *Put a little cream on your chin with finger tip.* **3** *Lather with plenty of water on brush.*

Just try the quick lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effect on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed.

1/3 PER JAR

S.C.10

Over 200 Million Sold since 1903

This will clear up

SKIN TROUBLES

QUICK and CLEAN—those are the two outstanding properties of D.D.D. BALM. QUICKLY it soothes irritation and stops infection. QUICKLY it starts the healing process. It is CLEAN because it is easily applied and non-greasy. CLEAN because it does not show on the skin, and treatment can be continued by day and night. CLEAN because it has no unpleasant smell. D.D.D. BALM is quick and effective for eczema, sunburn, rashes. All chemists, 2/- (inc. tax).

D.D.D. BALM

How

HELPS!

WHAT 'ASPRO' DOES

That is a frequent topic of conversation nowadays. 'ASPRO' is used and appreciated in the most amazing variety of places and unusual circumstances. For the 'ASPRO' tablet works by serving and helping those who suffer. People in the Services—in the home—in field and factory—are astonished and delighted by the swift relief 'ASPRO' gives from pain, chills, rheumatic twinges, headaches, etc. They feel they must pass on the news of what 'ASPRO' has done for them—they sing its praises to their friends. Many of them write us to recount their experiences. Their letters contain a message for you, advice worth following when necessity arises.

USERS KNOW ITS VALUE

A FAMILY REPORT

Mr. & Mrs. D. & Family write from Stepney, E.1:—"I feel I must let you know how thankful my family and myself are to 'ASPRO'. They have given us instant relief from rheumatic pain, headaches, and violent colds, and I would not be without them. For relieving headaches, neuralgia and colds they are unequalled and we call them our family physician."

Prices 3½d., 6½d. & 1/3½

(Purchase Tax included)

ASPRO

Made by ASPRO LIMITED Slough, Bucks.

Enjoys Her Food

Wishes she'd heard years ago of

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

"Some weeks back I was given some Moorland Indigestion Tablets. After taking them I got a supply from my local Chemist. I am pleased to tell you I can now enjoy my food, nothing disagrees with me. I wish I'd heard of them years ago." (Signed) Mrs. A. L., *Launceston*

★ *Moorland Indigestion Tablets give instant relief from indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, palpitation, gastric catarrh and kindred troubles of the digestive organs. Sold at all chemists, 8½d. and 1/5d. including tax.*

CAPENSIS

GUARANTEED 100% PURE

EXTRA SOFT

The BIG TOILET ROLL *for the* THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock

Maximum Controlled Price 8½d. per roll

PEARL

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE (With-Profits)

ENABLES YOU TO SAVE WITH SECURITY AND PROTECT YOUR FAMILY

"THE HABIT OF SAVING MUST STILL BE ENCOURAGED" *(Government White Paper on Employment Policy)*

ENQUIRY FORM

To PEARL ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

Please supply particulars of how I can obtain £.....

With-Profits at age.....Date of Birth.....

Name .....

Address (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) .....

.....J.B.75 (8.9.45)

ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES

This unique handbook shows the easy way to secure **A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I. Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., A.M. Brit. I.R.E.,** and similar qualifications. **WE GUARANTEE — "NO PASS—NO FEE."**

Details are given of over 150 Diploma Courses in all branches of **Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Aero, Radio and Television Engineering, Draughtsmanship, Tracing, Inspection, Government Employment, BUILDING and PLASTICS** *(the great peace-time careers)*, **MATRICULATION,** etc.

Make your peace-time future secure by writing for this enlightening Handbook at once—**FREE.**

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY, 58, Shakespeare House, 17, STRATFORD PLACE, LONDON, W.1.

FOOD FACTS

No. 5 in a Special Series

Making the most of... Fish

TIPS ABOUT COOKING AND WAYS OF SERVING

FISH has become an important item on the family menu. Not only is it more plentiful now, and off the ration, but its valuable body-building qualities make it a good substitute for meat. The following methods, which require little or no fat, will help you to serve it in more varied ways.

BAKING. When you have the oven going, try baking fish. This method preserves all the flavour and juices of the fish. Baking is suitable either for steaks or for whole fish, such as whiting, haddock or plaice. If a whole fish is used, remove eyes and fins.

Clean and wash the fish. Put in a greased baking dish, dot with margarine or dripping and cover with butter or margarine wrapping paper. Bake in a moderate oven till cooked, allowing about 10 minutes to the pound. Pour any liquid from the fish over the top before serving.

Forcemeat stuffing for baking fish

Ingredients: *4 oz. stale breadcrumbs; 4 level tablespoons chopped parsley; 2 level teaspoons mixed dried herbs; salt and pepper; 1 oz. fat, melted; few drops lemon substitute; milk to moisten.*

Method: Mix all the ingredients together, using enough milk to make a soft consistency. Use to stuff fish or as stu...ng balls.

GRILLING. Herrings are excellent grilled and need no fat this way.

Small whole fish, as well as fillets and steaks, can also be grilled. Wash and dry, then sprinkle with salt and pepper and a few knobs of margarine (or brush with melted dripping). Place under a hot grill until cooked. Turn once during cooking.

STEAMING. This method preserves all the flavour of the fish. It is specially suitable for fillets. Steamed fish with a sharp sauce makes a delightful, nourishing meal.

Put the fish on a greased plate, sprinkle with salt and pepper and a few shavings of margarine, and put over a pan of boiling water. Cover the fish with a lid or plate, and steam for 15-20 minutes. Serve any liquid from the fish with it, or use for making a sauce.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. 268

LISTEN TO YOUR **WISER** SELF!

When you think you can well afford to fritter away a little money, listen to your wiser self. "Don't be a fool," he says. "Don't rush to buy now—wait until there's a greater choice in the shops. So keep on buying National Savings Certificates."

BECAUSE

- Every 15/- Certificate earns you 5/6 in 10 years' time.
- This increase is not subject to Income Tax.
- They're easy to buy, easy to hold, easy to cash.
- Savings up keeps prices down.

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

GOOD FOOD

Fruit and Sugar make good

ZONING

We are sorry that some of our customers will not be able to buy 'Chinese' Figs now. They will return again as one of the fruits of Peace.

BATGER'S

'CHINESE' FIGS

NOW ONLY 12 POINTS PER 12 OZ. DRUM

FOR LIGHTER BETTER CAKES

use

plain flour

and

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

The Best in the World

Rheumatism in legs and shoulders

Only after painful experience do some people discover a way to relieve their rheumatism. Here, in this letter, so that you can benefit, is a personal recommendation from a sufferer who found what he wanted. "... I used to have rheumatism in legs and shoulders but I thought I would try Fynnon Salt. Well, I got a tin and I began by taking a teaspoonful in hot water the first thing in the morning and I SOON BEGAN TO GET RELIEF. Now after taking several tins I am nearly free from pain. You can make use of this as I think EVERYBODY THAT SUFFERS from rheumatics OUGHT TO TRY FYNNON SALT." (*Signed*) E.F.

He now thinks every sufferer should try Fynnon Salt

Fynnon Salt

is doing a

GREAT DEAL OF GOOD

to a

GREAT MANY PEOPLE

who suffer from

RHEUMATISM

Lumbago, Neuritis, Sciatica or Gout

Large size 1/6 (*includes Purchase Tax*)

Fynnon Ltd., Brentford, Mx. (552)

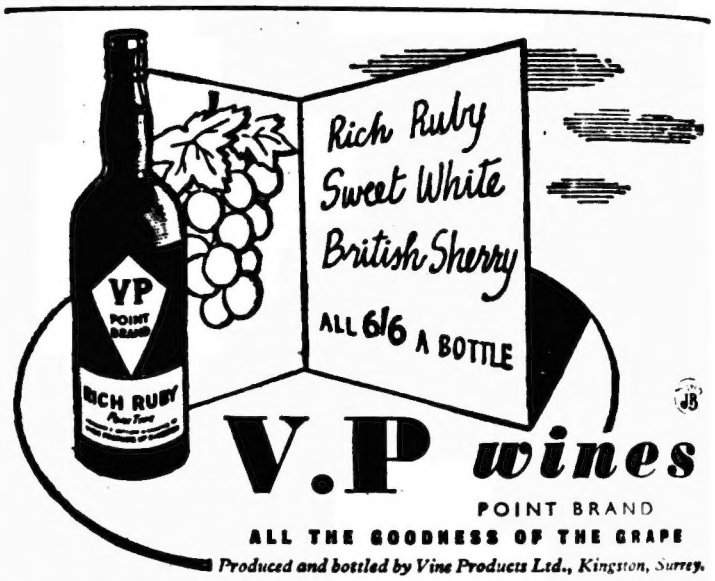
the daily round

It is a comfortable thought when facing the daily round to know that in one's pocket is a packet of "Player's"...

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD
PLAIN OR CORK TIPS

N.C.C.567C



V.P wines

POINT BRAND

ALL THE GOODNESS OF THE GRAPE

Produced and bottled by Vine Products Ltd., Kingston, Surrey.

What about buying the house you are renting?

Talk the matter over with your Landlord ★ Ask for our special "SITTING TENANTS" leaflet ★ We are very willing to help you.

ABBEY NATIONAL BUILDING SOCIETY

Head Office: Abbey House, Baker Street, N.W.1. Wel. 8282
Chief City Office: National Hse., Moorgate, E.C.2. Cen.6525

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. 8